

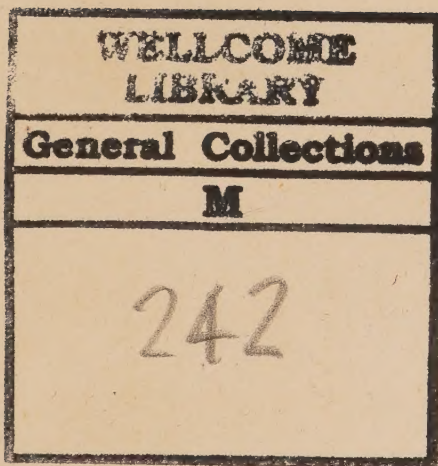
DOCTOR DRAKE'S
DISCOURSES

M

242

May and M. Mansfield
1852

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Autograph of Mayant Mansfield
inside front cover.

This was doubtless a member of the ~~M~~ Mansfield family. E. Mansfield was cousin of Drake's wife and wrote the first biography of Drake in 1855.

DISCOURSES

DELIVERED BY APPOINTMENT, BEFORE THE

CINCINNATI

MEDICAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

JANUARY 9TH AND 10TH, 1852.

BY DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED FOR THE ASSOCIATION, BY
MOORE & ANDERSON, 28 FOURTH STREET.
1852.

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TO

PROF. SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M. D.,

Charleston, South Carolina.

MY DEAR SIR:

I might find, either in my personal obligations to you, or in your labors as a teacher and writer, a very sufficient reason for some public expression of respect; but by inscribing to you this little work on the medical and social history of a new city so remote from the old and classical metropolis of the South, I wish to manifest what I feel and think, that neither difference of age, nor distance of place, should be permitted to break up the unity, integrity and kind feeling of our beloved, national profession. With a deep persuasion that your heart will respond to this sentiment,

I remain, very respectfully,

Your friend and servant,

DAN. DRAKE.

Cincinnati, January 12, 1852.

DISCOURSE I.

EARLY PHYSICIANS,
SCENERY AND SOCIETY
OF
CINCINNATI.

EARLY MEDICAL TIMES

IN

CINCINNATI.

Gentlemen:

WHEN I accepted the invitation of our enterprising EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE to deliver a public discourse on the opening of our Reading Rooms, I thought of nothing more than a brief inquiry into the origin, progress and influence of the periodical literature of our profession. But in comparing its present expansion and power, with what they were at the beginning of this century, the aspects of the little village and its infant profession, rose so vividly before me that I could neither banish nor keep from looking at them; for even when I shut my mind's eye upon them, like ocular spectra they were still floating before me. Obscuring or destroying every present object, they involved me in an intellectual mirage, as bewildering as the optical which meets the traveler, on his journey over our great plains to the Rocky Mountains. To employ another illustration, I was in the condition of a geologist examining a cabinet, in which the organic remains of ancient and modern seas, are arranged according to some

slight analogies of form, and not with a reference to the great geological eras which they represent:—the extinct and the existing being confusedly mingled together.

Finding myself thus beset by unbidden reminiscences, I determined, to take vengeance on the most impudent of these intruders, by exposing them to your critical observation, without either deprecating your derision, or soliciting your respect.

Communities, both social and professional, like our mother earth, have their epochs, which succeed each other with an ever varying rhythm. Young as our city and of course our profession are, one distinctly marked period has gone by, and we already have a *past*. That period in reference to our existence was long, for it made at least a third part of the whole, extending from 1788 to 1810. The transplanted scion of civilization was slow in its upward growth; but its roots were sinking deep and wide in the soil, and suddenly, the sapling became a tree, whose leaves and flowers and fruit marked the beginning of a new era, and almost buried up the *past*. Time indeed never moved his busy fingers with greater swiftness, than when he wove the thin but impervious veil, which hangs between *our* past and present. Yet close as they are joined, I do not see among you a single physician who lived and labored behind that veil. Like the living forms of an old geological era, they have become extinct; yet, as occurs with some species in geology, an individual has run into the later epoch, to mingle with its new and more perfect inhabitants. Of the

little band behind the veil, I am the sole survivor; a sort of contingent remainder, bequeathed to the present generation, for any purpose to which so small a legacy may be applicable. For this length of days, I should humble myself before the Father of life; but I may further manifest my gratitude, by rescuing from oblivion the names of those who were my predecessors, and my compeers of that by-gone age.

But how do I know, when the duty assigned me was to give an impulse to the bibliographical plans of our association, that you will approve of what I have announced? I'll tell you how I found it out, by citing a well known anecdote of two distinguished men. When Louis XIV asked his eloquent chaplain, Massillon, how he who mingled so little with mankind, could know their hearts so well, he answered "may it please your majesty, I look into my own and thus learn the hearts of others." In imitation of that eminent man I have done the same; and thus discovered, that *you will* be interested by a sketch of our early medical times, however rudely drawn. In the absence of such a sketch, our local history, like the general history of medicine, would have no fixed and primary starting point—no beginning, and the future could never supply the desideratum. But over, and far above, the intellectual gratification of having our professional, coeval with our civic history, there is a sentiment connected with this subject, which ought to be cherished in every bosom. The root of the family tree connects all the branches; so that people of the same stock, however widely dis-

persed, fraternize, when on casually meeting, they discover a relation to the same genealogical tree. Now the physicians of every city make one professional family, and have a common ancestry. To this relationship of *our* profession, I wish now to draw your attention. I desire to make you feel and believe, no, rather let me say, I hope you already feel that we constitute one brotherhood, going back to the same ancestral root, and looking forward to the progressive rise of a common glory.

The occasion which has called us together, has that glory for its object, and, therefore, seems peculiarly fit for this retrospect. The time, moreover, is equally appropriate, for it was on the 26th of December, 1788—we have just passed the anniversary—that Israel Ludlow, of New Jersey, and his associates, escaping from the floating ices of the river, reared their half-faced camps on what is now the quay. These were the first edifices of the future city. Setting their watchmen around, they lay down with their feet to the blazing fires, and fell asleep under the music of the north wind, whistling among the frozen limbs of the great sycamores, and water maples which overhung them. The next morning, they rose and begun the survey of the town, and the lines were marked by blazes on the trees among which they passed. I need not however say to you, that the commencement of our goodly city, was not in the midst of a long settled and populous country, but on the depths of an unbroken though not untrodden wilderness; for you all know that hostile tribes of Indians then roamed between

the gallant young settlements of the interior of Kentucky, and the distant savage shores of Lake Erie.

The founders of our city were not armed soldiers, but armed citizens with stout hearts. Their mission was to rear the banner of civilization, within the empire of barbarism; and a military force was necessary to their defense, while, in the absence of every comfort which civilization bestows, they sought to enlarge its boundaries. The Federal Government perceived this necessity, and in the spring of 1789, within three months after the landing, Maj. David Strong, a native of Connecticut, arrived by the river, with a battalion of the Army, detached, by order of Maj. Doughty, from Fort Harmar. The foundations of Fort Washington were immediately laid, and for the next seven years, the young village became the head quarters of all the armies which fought against the Indians under Harmar in 1790, St. Clair in 1791, and Wayne in 1794. The place was indeed for some time, better known abroad as Fort Washington than Cincinnati.

During the Indian wars, the progress of immigration was slow and feeble, and when peace returned in 1795, many of the inhabitants moved into the surrounding country. Thus, for the first ten or twelve years, the army and its various adherents made the chief population, and gave tone and character to the village. At the beginning of the present century, the inhabitants, excluding the garrison, did not amount to one thousand; and in 1809, when the first third part of its whole existence had been passed

through, its entire population numbered only 2,320—its dwelling houses, 366.

From what has been said, you will perceive that the pioneers of our profession were largely the surgeons of the army; and it seems due to their memory, not less than the truth and fullness of our medical history, that their names, if no more, should be permanently recorded. This I have attempted, but fear that several may have been omitted, and regret that I can only learn so little of several others. It was the custom of these gentlemen, not merely to give gratuitous attendance on the people of the village, for which many of them are still remembered with gratitude by the aged, but also to furnish medicines from the army hospital chests, through a period when none were imported from the east.

The first of these surgeons, as far as I can learn, was Dr. RICHARD ALLISON, who remained after the army was disbanded, and, therefore, I shall speak of him hereafter, with those in civil life.

Another was Dr. ADAMS, of whom I only know, that he belonged to the state of Massachusetts, to which he returned. I can not learn at what period he was stationed here, but hope this reference to him, may bring us some biographical facts.

Nor have I been able to fix the time or times, when Dr. JOHN CARMICHAEL lent his aid to the infant settlement. From a highly intelligent lady,* I learn that in the year 1802, when a reduction of the army took place, he was among the discharged; and being with Gen. Wilkin-

* Mrs. Col. Strong.

son, at Fort Adams, below Natchez, was employed to transport to New Orleans the baggage and munitions of the garrison, which took possession of Louisiana after its purchase from France. With the proceeds of this enterprize, he became a cotton planter in Mississippi territory, acquired wealth, and lived to an advanced age.

Dr. JOSEPH PHILLIPS was one of the surgeons, who is still remembered for his kind offices. The venerable relict of the late Gen. John S. Gano, (the intrepid surveyor of the route pursued by St. Clair's army) has, within the last few days, informed me, that on the suggestion of Gen. Harrison, Dr. Phillips was brought in from Fort Hamilton, to rescue her husband from the hands of a couple of quacks. She remembered him as a physician of skill and a gentleman of much personal presence. From his namesake and distant relative, Mr. H. G. Phillips of Dayton, I learn that he was a native of Lawrenceville, New Jersey; that he came out with Wayne's army; and, after the treaty of peace, returned to his birth-place. Resuming his practice, he lived much respected both as a physician and citizen, till his death; which took place only five or six years since, when he was 80 years old or upward. He probably was the last to die, of all the early members of our profession; and one feels a sort of surprise, at learning that a physician who practiced in Cincinnati when it was a mere encampment, should have been alive so near the present time.

Dr. JOHN SELLMAN, like Dr. Allison, remained after he left the army, and must be spoken of with the physicians in civil life.

Dr. JOHN ELLIOT came out with St. Clair. He was stationed here at various times. He was disbanded with the regiment to which he belonged, in the year 1802. His two daughters were then in this place, but he did not settle here. The elder married the late Hon. Joseph H. Crane, who removed to the new village of Dayton. In the summer of 1804 I saw the Doctor there, a highly accomplished gentleman, with a purple silk coat, which contrasted strangely with the surrounding thickets of brush and hazle bushes. He resided in Dayton till his death, which took place in 1809. New York was his native state.

The last of the army surgeons of whom I have been able to collect any account, was Dr. JOSEPH STRONG. He came out with General Wayne in the spring of 1793; was with him in the battle of the next year; and also attended the Greenville Treaty in 1794. Dr. Strong was a native of Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College in the arts, but, like all whom I have named, not in Medicine. He returned to the east about 1795, and settled in Philadelphia, where he made the acquaintance of Dr. Rush, and acquired a respectable practice; but died in April, 1812, at the age of 43 years. From his daughter* I have obtained two of his manuscripts; which, as the only literary remains of the military branch of our profession, must not be passed over in silence.

The first, in his own hand-writing, is dated at Fort St. Clair, "August 22nd, 1793." The beginning is lost, but it appears to have been a discourse on the professional and moral duties

* Mrs. Col. Bond, of our city.

of the physician. It abounds in figures of speech, drawn from the army; and while its style indicates the young man, its judicious advice would do credit to the old. I must read you, from his own autograph, a few sentences:

* * *

Let the Genius of Medicine, clad with the complete armor of Skill, forever stand ready to bar the insidious avenues of Disease: does the pestilence enter, let him say depart, and it shall go. Does not the world teem with pains, aches, tortures, and all the malign host of distempers; and are not physicians bound, by all the clamors of restless conscience, by all the obligatory constraints of religious compunction, to prove brave volunteers in the cause of humanity, and form a strong and invincible armament against their attempts to make human bodies the standing barracks of misery? Skill is the bright and executing sword of the good physician; but are not ignorance and pretension destroying daggers with those who are the rebels of science? Let those who wield the sword, be cautious swordsmen, while they combat the challenges of disease; and let those who carry the black dagger of ignorance, by the eye-light of pretension, drop the unholy weapon, and fly to the fencing school of Medicine for correct instruction. Let us remember, that the learned physician is next to the Creator, because he is the preserver of life; but the unlearned one is next to the *Devil*, as a destroyer. The physician who is great, can have no rival in fame, and the little one, none is deserved infamy. Let us all be anxious for the enjoyments of our fellow men; let us forever feel the beckoning invitations of humanity, with hearts prompt to obey its kindly suggestions; and by patient endurance of the fatigues of study and long watchings around the *portals* of wisdom seek for that glory which arises from the ample resources of timely beneficence. Let us all shudder to weigh the bulk of consequences to the medical destroyer; he is an assassin, whose crimes will be written on the great *canopy* of truth, as blasphemy against it. Who can fly from the terrible arm of chastising justice, when it is lifted to avenge the perfidy of those who have squandered their moments in listless lethargy; and yet, by the dreamings of skill, have, with potent *swells* of argument, borne life away from its unnumbered possessors? If the physician kills his patient, it is not a milder death than would be inflicted by the insidious ruffian or daylight murderer, and the loss is as great. Let not physicians ever prove the recruiting officers of death; let them, by all the aids of sentinels and strong armor, withstand his advancing power; but when every opposition becomes feeble before the strong and last summons of fate, then let mild compassion perform her kindest rites, and bid the captive depart in peace.

* * * * *

Our business is great; if performed nobly, the crown of our joy will not be withheld from us, when glory will be given to all the benefactors. Let us live, and conduct, as though heaven, would be the reward of the great physician; the glorious dwelling place of all who are the unwearied laborers of truth, or the practitioners of its extensive precepts. Should we not blush with horror, and be confounded, to behold the godlike Hippocrates, Sydenham, Boerhave, Haller, and Cullen, who have left on immortal records the fair outlines of medical skill, rise up and call us the reproaches of the art; and join that terrible condemnation which comes armed with the decree of irreversible separation? Let us all be the advocates of universal truth, of the diligent and bold performers of every action to which any virtue may call us. Let us be in full communion with the laws of God, and never prove infidels to the supplicating tone of meek humanity. Let all medical societies prove churches, to patronize truth, and guard all its heavenly ordinances. Let there be a long progeny of descendants from the ancestry of medical learning, that the world, in some distant age, may behold the full-grown *form* of consummate skill, and no longer lament the untimely ravages of pain. To conclude: may the genius of each physician be ennobled by the fervent stimulus of religious philosophy, and absorb, from every stream of truth, its most precious spirit;—may the glowing virtues in each heart kindle a vestal flame in the soul, which shall shine like the light of peace on the haggard face of distress, and illuminate the mysteries of human existence.

After these paragraphs, you will not be surprised when I tell you that within the last few days, on my mentioning the name of Dr. Strong to an aged and respectable matron,* she uttered an exclamation of gratitude, on the recollection of his kind professional attendance on her family fifty-five years ago! Happily, indeed, did the deaf and dumb girl define gratitude, when she called it the “memory of the heart.” It may be well for us to labor for the admiration of the world, but still better to earn its gratitude.

The other production is a manuscript ode of 90 lines, “on the prospect of peace with the Indian tribes N. W. of the Ohio,” written at “Greenville, July, 4th, 1795,” only a few days

* Mrs. Gen. James Taylor, of Newport.

before the treaty. The whole poem affords evidence of the warm and kind moral feeling of the author; but I have only time to read you a few stanzas:

* * *

Hail charming Peace, before whose eye,
The veteran warrior breathes a sigh —
And blushing sheds his tears —
Contemns the weapons he has borne,
To waste the earth in dauntless scorn,
When he thy music hears.

* * *

Look where the ensanguined steps of war,
Have stained the wilderness afar,
With boldest print of death;
Where heroes fought and sadly fell,
With fun'ral rites of savage yell,
And smoking blood their wreath.

* * *

The soothing lyre with warbling strain
Shall play where battles shook the plain,
And tune her songs of peace;
Temples will rise where warriors fell,
And heavenly worship swift prevail,
To guide the pagan race.

To these vast wilds will science roam,
And raise her ever lighted dome,
To gild the shadow'd West:
The savage tribes her lamps shall see,
And all their ancient darkness flee,
To fall upon her breast.

In finishing the catalogue of army surgeons, who practiced here in early times, I am constrained to introduce the name of the amiable and honored PRESIDENT HARRISON. He had studied medicine in Virginia, attended a course of lectures in the University of Pennsylvania, and was prosecuting his studies in Philadelphia when, under the impulse of military taste, he

entered the army as an officer of the line, instead of the medical staff. His professional knowledge, however, enabled him frequently to afford relief to those who could not, at the moment, command the services of a physician, and also inspired him with an abiding interest in the progress of the profession. This he successfully displayed more than twenty-five years afterwards, when a member of the Senate of Ohio. The bill for establishing the Commercial Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Ohio, met with much opposition, against which he exerted himself with his usual, characteristic energy; and I shall ever remember seeing him enter the Senate Chamber, with several books of reference under his arm, to make a speech, in which he instructed the Senators concerning hospitals, and their value to Medical Schools, without which the people of the State could not have good physicians. As you are all aware, the hospital was founded. The Legislature had chartered the Medical College of Ohio the year before, and at a subsequent time, he acted as one of its trustees.

We come now to the civil history of our profession, which does not follow on the termination of the military, but had nearly a coeval beginning.

Dr. WILLIAM BURNET, Jun., as far as I can learn, was the first physician, apart from the army surgeons, who emigrated to Cincinnati. He arrived in 1789, but a few months after the first landing, bringing with him both books and medicines. There was but little, then, to do in the profession, and he spent a part of his time

at North Bend, with the great proprietary of the Miami country, John Cleves Symmes. In the spring of 1791, as I learn from his brother, the venerable Judge Burnet, he revisited his native state, but with the intention of returning here for permanent residence, and the practice of his profession. Soon after reaching there he obtained from the Grand Masonic Lodge of New Jersey, the warrant under which the NOVA CESAREA HARMONY LODGE, No. 2, of this city, was constituted; and by the same authority was appointed its first Master; but the death of his father soon afterwards, prevented his coming back. He subsequently lived near Newark in that state, but I can not tell when he died. Dr. Burnet, like Dr. Strong, was a gentleman of classical education, but not a graduate in medicine. He had been a surgeon's mate in the revolutionary army, under his father, who was Surgeon General. In going from here, he left his books behind him, and I hope to be able to place one or more of them on the shelves of our library, where they ought to be preserved as the first ever brought to the city.

Dr. CALVIN MORRELL, of the same state, was appointed a Warden of the projected Lodge, at the time Dr. Burnet was appointed Master. Whether he had come out with Dr. Burnet, or emigrated afterwards, is uncertain. I find, by the records, that he was present at the organization of the Lodge, December, 27, 1794, just six years after the settlement of the town. Soon after this, he moved thirty miles back into the country; and ultimately became united with the

Shakers of Union village, near Lebanon, where I believe he died. From all I have been able to learn, he did not do much business here, nor make any lasting impression on the little community.

Dr. JOHN HOLE arrived here in 1790 or 91. He probably came before Dr. Morrell. I do not know his native place. In the winter of 1792-3, he practiced inoculation here, and also in the village of Columbia, the small-pox having been then introduced for the first time.* He was not a man of much education or social rank; and before the end of the Indian wars, 1794, he left the town. I have not learned of what State he was a native, nor when or where he died.

There was a physician here for a short time, about that period, whose name, for the honor of the profession, I suppress. An alarm of Indians was spread by some wag, and he put off for the south side of the river.

But truth and gallantry alike demand, that in this enumeration, I should not omit the first *Sage-femme* of the infant village, which in its first year, began to be a village of infants. The eldest-born, of a broad and brilliant succession, was DAVID CUMMINS, whose name is appropriately perpetuated in our little neighbor—Cumminsville, the site of which was then a sugar-tree wood, with groves of papaw and spice-wood bushes. I have not been able to learn the native place of the venerable Mrs. McKNIGHT. The scene of her first professional achievement, in the young village, was an humble log cabin,

om Mrs. William Noble.

in front of where the Burnet House now stands. I do not know when she died, but this I *do* know, and record with pride, that her night-errandry was not only professional but chivalrous, for the cry of Indians did not frighten *her* to the other side of the river.

The next immigrant physician, was Dr. ROBERT McCLURE, whose wife, as I was lately told, by an aged and accurate matron*, was a lady of such excellent kindness of heart, that she greatly commended him to the people; a biographical fact, which it may be well for the younger members of our Association to treasure up. Dr. McClure came from Brownsville, Pennsylvania about 1792. In 1801 he moved into the country, and subsequently returned to his native place, where he died. His residence was on Sycamore, between Third and Fourth streets. He does not seem to have been a man of great education; but did a respectable business. Our aged people relate that in those days it was customary with the officers of the army, to drink bitters in the morning—those of *Dr. Stoughton* of London being preferred; but as importations were sometimes suspended, Dr. McClure made a tincture, and putting it up in small vials, labeled them—“Best Stoughton’s bitters, prepared in Cincinnati by Dr. Robert McClure.” The solecism seems to have been quite an occasion of merriment with the officers of the army. We see from this anecdote, that a business which has since been so profitable to certain persons in our city, was begun in the days of its early infancy.

* Mrs. Hezekiah Flint.

After Dr. McClure, no other physician settled here, till 1798, when Dr. JOHN CRANMER arrived ; and was followed in the spring of 1800 by Dr. WILLIAM GOFORTH—the last of the immigrants of that century. But before I proceed to speak of these gentlemen, or of Dr. Allison and Dr. Sellman, who have as yet been only mentioned, I must, for a few minutes, point your attention in another direction.

Dr. Goforth was my preceptor, and I reached his house from Kentucky, on the 18th of December, 1800. What I have said of the preceding twelve years, (the earliest dawn of the profession,) I have collected from others ; but most of what I shall say hereafter, will be from my own observation. The point of time we are now at, so near the middle of our historic era, and also the transition from one century to another, is the very best from which to take a comprehensive view of those natural, social and professional conditions, which with some modification, prevailed throughout the whole period of twenty-one years ; and I shall, therefore, proceed to speak of *Cincinnati as it was fifty years ago*.

In the first year of this century, the cleared lands at this place did not equal the surface, which is now completely built over. North of the canal and west of Western Row, there was forest, with here and there a cabin, and a small clearing, connected with the village by a narrow, winding road. Curved lines, you know, symbolize the country, straight lines the city. South

of where the Commercial Hospital now administers relief, annually, to three times as many people as then composed the population of the town, there were half cleared fields, with broad margins of blackberry vines, and I, with other young persons, frequently gathered that delicious fruit, at the risk of being snake-bitten, where the Roman Catholic Cathedral now sends its spire into the lower clouds. Further south, the ancient mound, near Fifth street, on which General Wayne planted his sentinels seven years before, was overshadowed with trees, which, together with itself, should have been preserved; but its dust, like that of those who then delighted to play on its beautiful slopes, has mingled with the remains of the unknown race, by whom it was erected. The very spot on which we are now assembled, but a few years before the time of which I speak, was part of a wheat field of sixteen acres, owned by Mr. James Ferguson, and fenced in without reference to the paved streets, which now cut through it. The stubble of that field is still decaying in the soil around the foundations of the noble edifice in which we are now assembled.* Seventh street, then called Northern Row, was almost the northern limit of population. Sixth street had a few scattering houses; Fifth not many more. Between that and Fourth, there was a public square, now built over. In one corner—the north-east—stood the Court House, with a small market place in front, which nobody attended. In the north-west corner was

* Hall of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute.

the jail ; in the south-west the village school house ; in the south-east, where a glittering spire tells the stranger that he is approaching our city, stood the humble church of the pioneers, whose bones lie mouldering in the center of the square, then the village cemetery. Walnut—called Cider street—which bounds that square on the west, presented a few cabins or small frames ; but Vine street was not yet opened to the river. Fourth street, after passing Vine, branched into roads and paths. Third street, running near the brow of the upper plain, was on as high a level as Fifth street is now. The gravelly slope of that plain stretched from East to West almost to Pearl street. On this slope, between Main and Walnut, a French political exile, whom I shall name hereafter, planted, in the latter part of the last century, a small vineyard. This was the beginning of that cultivation for which the environs of our city have, at length, become distinguished. I suppose this was the first cultivation of the foreign grape in the valley of the Ohio. Where Congress, Market, and Pearl streets, since opened send up the smoke of their great iron foundries, or display in magnificent warehouses, the products of different and distant lands, there was a belt of low wet ground which, up to the settlement of the town, twelve years before, had been a series of beaver ponds, filled by the annual overflows of the river and the rains from the upper plains. Second, then known as Columbia street, presented some scattered cabins, dirty within and rude without ; but Front street exhibited an aspect of considerable pretension. It

was nearly built up with log and frame houses, from Walnut street to Eastern Row, now called Broadway. The people of wealth, and the men of business, with the *Hotel de Ville*, kept by Griffin Yeatman, were chiefly on this street, which even had a few patches of side-walk pavement. In front of the mouth of Sycamore street, near the hotel, there was a small wooden market house, built over a cove; into which pirogues and other craft, when the river was high, were poled or paddled, to be tied to the rude columns.

The *Common* then stretched out to where the land and water now meet, when the river is at its mean height. It terminated in a high, steep, crumbling bank, beneath which lay the flat boats of immigrants, or of traders in flour, whisky, and apples, from Wheeling, Fort Pitt, or Redstone Old Fort. Their winter fires, burning in iron kettles, sent up lazy columns of smoke, where steamers now darken the air with hurried clouds of steam and soot. One of these vessels has cost more than the village would then have brought at auction. From this Common, the future Covington, in Kentucky, appeared as a corn-field, cultivated by the Kennedy family, which, also, kept the ferry. Newport, chiefly owned by two Virginia gentlemen, James Taylor and Richard Southgate, but embracing the Mayos, Fowlers, Berrys, Stubbs, and several other respectable families, was a drowsy village, set in the side of a deep wood, and the mouth of Licking river was over-arched with trees, giving it the appearance of a great tunnel.

After Front street, Sycamore and Main were

the most important of the town. A number of houses were built upon the former, up to Fourth, beyond which it was opened three or four squares. The buildings and business of Main Street extended up to Fifth, where, on the north-west corner, there was a *brick* house, owned by Elmore Williams, the only one in town. Beyond Seventh, Main Street was a mere road, nearly impassable in muddy weather, which, at the foot of the hills, divided into two, called the Hamilton road and the Mad-river road. The former, now a crooked and closely built street, took the course of the Brighton house; the latter made a steep ascent over Mount Auburn, where there was not a single habitation. Broadway, or Eastern Row, was then but thirty-three feet wide. The few buildings which it had were on the west side, where it joins Front Street; on the site of the Cincinnati Hotel, there was a low frame house, with whisky and a billiard table. It was said that the owner paid seven hundred dollars for the house and lot in nine-pences, that is, small pieces of "cut-money" received for drams. North of this, towards Second Street, there were several small houses, inhabited by disorderly persons, who had been in the army. The side-walk in front, was called Battle-row. Between Second and Third Streets, near where we now have the eastern end of the market-house, there was a single frame tenement, in which I lived with my preceptor in 1805. In a pond, directly in front, the frogs gave us regular serenades. Much of the square to which this house belonged was fenced in, and

served as a pasture ground for a pony which I kept for country practice ; and of which, as illustrative of the West at that time, I must say a word. He was a Chickasaw, that is, an Indian horse, from what is now the north-eastern corner of the State of Mississippi. The boatmen of that day had to return from New Orleans by land. They generally began the journey on foot, but purchased horses of the Indians when they got tired of walking. Thus Chickasaw and Choctaw ponies were not uncommon in this region at that time. It was a peculiarity of mine, (perhaps of all the Indian horses, as it would be a protection from thieves,) that he could not be caught after night-fall ; and this reminds me of a professional case, still further illustrative of our olden time. Witches were not then extinct, and some of them were actually known. One of the most mischievous lived a few miles back in the country, and bewitched a woman on the river bank. Her husband came at dusk in the evening for assistance, and went into the lot to assist in catching my horse, which, of course, we failed to do, and he ascribed the failure to the witch having entered the animal. It only remained to give him a paper of medicine, which he afterwards assured me was the best he had ever tried, for, as he entered the door of his cabin, the witch escaped through the small back window, and fled up the steep hill into the woods. He carefully preserved the medicine as a charm, and found it more efficacious than a horse-shoe nailed over the door, which, before the united skill of Dr. Goforth and myself had been

brought to bear on this matter, was the most reliable counter-charm. But I must return to the condition of the town. Between Third and Fourth Streets on the west side of Broadway, there was, in 1800, a corn-field with a rude corn-field fence, since replaced by mansions of such magnificence, that a Russian traveler, several years ago, took away drawings of one, as a model for the people of St. Petersburg. Above Fourth Street, Broadway had but three or four houses, and terminated at the edge of a thick wood, before reaching the foot of Mount Auburn.

East of Broadway and north of Fourth street, the entire square had been enclosed, and a respectable frame house erected, by the Hon. Winthrop Sargent, Secretary of the North-west Territory. He had removed to Mississippi Territory, of which he was afterwards Governor; and his house and grounds, the best improved in the village, were occupied by the Hon. Charles Willing Byrd, his successor in office. Gov. Sargent merits a notice among the physicians of the town, as he was the first who made scientific observations on our climate.

Immediately south of his residence, from Fourth street to the river, east of Broadway, there was a military reserve. That portion of it which laid on the upper plain, was covered by Fort Washington, with its bastions, port-holes, stockades, tall flag-staff, evening tattoo and morning reveille. Here were the quarters of the military members of our profession; and for a time of one of its civil members also, for after its evacuation, in 1803, my preceptor moved

into the rooms, which had been occupied by the commander of the post. In front of the fort, where Congress street now runs, there was a pond, in which ducks and snipes were often shot; and from this pond to the river, the tract through which Second and East Front streets now run, was overspread with the long, low sheds of the commissaries, quarter-masters, and artificers of the army.

The post-office was then and long after, kept on the east side of this military common, where Lawrence street leads down to the Newport Ferry. Our quiet and gentlemanly post-master, William Ruffin, performed all the duties of the office with his own hands. The great eastern mail was then brought once a week from Maysville, Kentucky, in a pair of saddle-bags.

East of the Fort, on the upper plain, the trunks of large trees were still lying on the ground. A single house had been built by Dr. Allison, where the Lytle-house now stands, and a field of several acres stretched off to the east and north. On my arrival, this was the residence of my preceptor. The dry corn-stalks of early winter were still standing near the door. But Dr. Allison had planted peach-trees, and it was known throughout the village as *Peach-grove*. The field extended to the bank of Deer creek. Thence all was deep wood. Where the munificent expenditures of Nicholas Longworth, Esq., have collected the beautiful exotics of all climates—on the very spot where the people now go to watch the unfolding of the night-blooming cereus—grew the red-bud, crab apple, and gigantic tulip-tree, or yellow-poplar, with

wild birds above, and native flowers below. Where the Catawba and Herbemont now swing down their heavy and luscious clusters, the climbing winter-vine hung its small, sour bunches from the limbs of high trees. The adjoining valley of Deer creek, down which, by a series of locks, the canal from Lake Erie mingles its waters with the Ohio, was then a receptacle for drift-wood, from the back-water of that river, when high. The boys ascended the little estuary in canoes, during June floods, and pulled flowers from the lower limbs of the trees, or threw clubs at the turtles, as they sunned themselves on the floating logs. In the whole valley there was but a single house, and that was a distillery! The narrow road which led to it from the garrison—and, I am sorry to add, from the village, also—was well trodden.

Mount Adams was then clothed in the grandeur and beauty which belong to our own primitive forests. The spot occupied by the reservoir, which supplies our city with water, and all the rocky precipices that stretch from it up the river, were buried up in sugar trees. On the western slopes we collected the *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, *Geranium maculatum*, *Gillenia trifoliata*, and other native medicines, when supplies failed to reach us from abroad. The summit on which the Observatory now stands, was crowned with lofty poplars, oaks and beech; and the sun in summer could scarcely be seen from the spot, whence we now look into the valleys of the moon, or see distant *nebulae* resolved into their starry elements.

Over the mouth of Deer Creek, there was a

crazy wooden bridge ; and where the depot of the railroad, which connects us with the sea, has been erected, there was but a small log cabin. From this cabin a rocky, narrow and stumpy road made its way, as best it could, up the river, where the railway now stretches. At the distance of two miles there was another cabin—that from which we expelled the witch. Beyond this all was forest for two miles further, when we reached the residence of John Smith, who was afterward mixed up in Burr's Conspiracy, and died an exile in Pensacola. The new village of Pendleton now covers that spot. Then came the early but now extinct village of *Columbia*, of which our first physicians were the only medical attendants. It was settled by Benjamin Stites, John S. Gano, and their associates, thirty-eight days before Cincinnati. The memory of its early inhabitants is still fresh in my heart. The Ganos, Stites', Goforths, Spencers, Kibbys, Smiths, Millers, Browns, Armstrongs, Fosters, Dunlavys, Rileys, Broadwells, Flinns, and Hilditches, were among the most accomplished or intrepid pioneers of Ohio. A school house and a church were built, before any were put up in this place ; and as the stranger looks out from his railroad car, he sees the rude crumbling monuments of the early dead, mingled with the fragments of the first sanctuary erected in the Miami country.

Gentlemen.:—I have given you a rapid but truthful sketch of Cincinnati as I found it half a century ago. I hope you have not felt it tire-

some. I wish I could have made it more graphical. As it is a labor of love, I thought I could have done it better, but my heart went stronger and faster than my head. Yet I *do* hope, that you have found some interest in it. I would have said much more, and had hard work to keep it back. But I have given you what Cuvier required to construct a perfect animal—a few of the imperishable parts. You will be able to fill up the picture for yourselves; and when you look upon it, you will see under what barren or embarrassing circumstances, our profession began its career. You will realize the difficulties and deprivations of the physicians of our *past*—an era, as I have said, most proximate in time—most remote in condition and character. If its physicians left no recorded experience, if they added nothing to the archives of our science, the failure should not surprise us. If we regret this, and should read with deep interest, anything they might have written on the causes, character and treatment of the diseases which then prevailed, let us with better advantages, do better. Sooner or later the hand of time will hang up another vail, and all who now hear my voice will sleep on its dark side. Then the antiquaries of a new and still brighter era, will commence the work of exhumation in this. Let us leave that which will reward their researches; and, by our example, give to the heritage of our city profession, an ever increasing richness.

We must now return to personal notices. It will be recollected that two of the military surgeons, Drs. Allison and Sellman, were kept in

reserve, because on leaving the army they remained here as practicing physicians. In 1800 Dr. Allison removed a few miles into the country, but Dr. Sellman remained, and he with Dr. Cranmore and Dr. Goforth constituted the whole Faculty of Cincinnati, in the first year of this century; and the proportion to the population was even greater than at present. I must speak of them in the order of their arrival in town.

DR. RICHARD ALLISON was born near Goshen State of New York, in 1757. He was not a graduate in medicine, and I can say nothing of his early opportunities. In 1776 he entered the army of the Revolution as a surgeon's mate, and continued in it to the end of the war. Where he then practiced his profession I have not been able to learn. When the general government was about to raise and send an army into the west, he re-entered the service, and acted as Surgeon General in the campaigns of Harmer, St. Clair, and Wayne. I am not in possession of documentary evidence, on the manner in which he discharged the responsible and trying duties of his station in the army. They were highly responsible, because the life of every soldier was precious to the insulated families on both banks of the river; and equally trying, because the hospital stores, medicines and instruments were scant and imperfect. If he had not acquitted himself successfully, it is not probable he would have been kept in his position. He must, of course, have performed many operations, after the several battles, but kept I believe no record of them. In St. Clair's defeat he was

greatly exposed: for he was obliged to leave the wounded and mingle in the fight. His horse received a bullet in the head. It remained imbedded in the skull; and when riding him through the village in after times, he would jocosely remark, that his *horse* had more in his head than some *doctors* he had known. Whenever stationed here he gave such assistance to the people of the village, as made him a general favorite; and after his resignation many of them employed him, when his services were no longer gratuitous.

After the campaign of St. Clair in 1791, the greater part of the army, consisting of militia and volunteers returned home, and the few regulars were distributed as they were most needed for the defense of the new and weak settlements on both banks of the Ohio. At that time there was a military station where the lower part of Jeffersonville, Indiana, now stands. It was called Fort Finney. The foundations of it are still to be seen, opposite the city of Louisville. In the summer of 1792, between the campaigns of St. Clair and Wayne, Dr. Allison was stationed at this post, and it appears from a fact I am about to mention, that the people of Louisville and its vicinity, were, at that time, not less dependent on the army surgeons, than those of Cincinnati. In the year 1782, Col. William Pope, of Virginia, emigrated to Louisville, (better known as the Falls, or the mouth of Bear Grass) where he reared a family, several of whom were more or less distinguished in the first quarter of this century. The most conspicuous was his son John, known throughout

the Union as the eminent Kentucky statesman with one arm. In 1792, Col. Pope resided in Sullivan's station, six miles out of Louisville; where one of the settlers had constructed a sort of mill, for crushing Indian corn stalks; from the juice of which, the people made molasses, and also a kind of beer. Young John, at that time 14 years old, was engaged in *feeding* this mill with stalks, when his hand was caught, and his arm crushed nearly to the shoulder. Dr. Allison was sent for to Fort Finney, and amputated the limb. The talents and heroism of his young patient inspired him with an affection, which was met by the gratitude and respect of him whose life had been preserved, and they continued friends up to the time of the Doctor's death, in 1817. I well recollect the interest with which, 40 years ago, he often spoke of this event; and an aged and accurate lady of Louisville,* has lately confirmed and extended his narrative.† But Dr. Allison had a taste for

* Mrs. Alexander Pope.

† I have given this fact, which legitimately belongs to Dr. Allison's Biography, with the greater detail, because it serves to illustrate the condition of the early immigrants into the West; and having thus spoken of Louisville, I can not refrain from expressing a regret, that no one has undertaken to give any account of her early physicians; and still more, that there is no longer any one of them living, who could do it, either from his own recollections, or those of the old inhabitants, very few of whom now remain. The same remark is applicable to Pittsburg, Lexington, and St. Louis. In Nashville, it might be done by Dr. Felix Robertson, the first-born of that city, who was a writer for Barton's Journal, in 1804 or 5; and it may be hoped that he will undertake it.

The history of a nation is not to be read in the lives of its generals and politicians merely, but comprehends, as its necessary elements, the history of all *classes* of the people, and all *branches* of intellectual, moral, religious, and physical industry.

agriculture, as well as surgery, and in 1799, as I have said, he removed to a new farm on the east fork of the Little Miami. In 1805 he returned to the city, where he resumed his practice, and continued it, residing on the south-east corner of Fourth and Sycamore, till his death, on the 22nd of March, 1816, at the age of fifty-nine. During his second residence, I lived his neighbor, and saw much of him. Though not profound in science, he was sagacious, unassuming, amiable and kind. As he was the first physician of Cincinnati; resided in or near by it 27 years, and was the first who died within its limits, he may be called the FATHER OF OUR PROFESSION; and, as such, I regret that I have not the means of a fuller illustration of his character. When a young physician, I occasionally extracted from him a fact or observation of an important kind, and might have collected many more, if I had then foreseen the interest with which this occasion would invest them. Perhaps what I have said may bring to light some additional information.

DR. JOHN SELLMAN was born in the city of Annapolis, Maryland, A. D. 1764. Belonging to one of the ancient and respectable families of that state, he had received a good preparatory education. He entered the army as a surgeon's mate, and reached Cincinnati with Gen. Wayne in the spring of 1793. Where he had practiced his profession previously to that date, I have

It is high time that our own profession began to look to its rights and duties in this matter; genius, learning, and active beneficence should not be overlooked because they were directed to the preservation, instead of the destruction, of human life.

not been able to learn. The Indian war being over, he resigned in 1794, and took up his residence on Front street, between Sycamore and Broadway; where he continued to reside and practice his profession, till he died in the autumn of 1827, at the age of sixty-three. Early in the present century the government established the arsenal and barracks in Newport, and Dr. Sellman was employed for many years, as its citizen surgeon. Such a recall, shows that while in the service, he must have discharged his duty faithfully. He was not a graduate; and without attainments in medicine or the associate sciences above the average of the time at which he was educated, his native good sense and high, gentlemanly bearing, secured to him a large proportion of the best practice of the town; but like his cotemporary Dr. Allison he did not leave behind him any record of his experience.

DR. JOHN CRANMER was a native of Pittsburg. Employed about the office of Dr. Bedford, a distinguished physician of that borough, as it then was, he acquired some knowledge of the symptoms of disease and the properties and doses of medicines; the latter of which he kept in a table drawer, at his residence between Main and Walnut streets, on the north side of Second, for some time after his emigration in 1798. It is worthy of remark, that from this humble beginning, and without original education, or the study of medical books, subsequently he attained to a position of considerable personal and some professional respectability; supporting his family by his practice and continuing to ad-

vance in reputation up to the time of his death, which occurred from Cholera in 1832. His age I do not know, but as he came here a man, he could not have been less than fifty-five or six. He died the latest of all the physicians not of the army, who practiced here in the last century and consequently the whole have been dead about twenty years.

Dr. WILLIAM GOFORTH, of whom I know more than of all who have been mentioned, was born in the city or town of New York, A. D., 1766. His preparatory education was what may be called tolerably good. His private preceptor was Dr. Joseph Young, of that city, a physician of some eminence, who, in the year 1800, published a small volume on the universal diffusion of electricity, and its agency in astronomy, physiology and therapeutics, speculations which his pupil cherished throughout life. But young Goforth, also, enjoyed the more substantial teachings of that distinguished anatomist and surgeon, Dr. Charles McKnight, then a public lecturer in New York. In their midst, however—A. D. 1787–8—he and the other students of the forming school of that city, were dispersed by a mob, raised against the cultivators of anatomy. He at once resolved to accompany his brother-in-law, the late Gen. John S. Gano, into the West; and on the 10th of June, 1788, landed at Maysville, Kentucky, then called Limestone. Settling in Washington, four miles from the river, then in population the second town of Kentucky, he soon acquired great popularity, and had the chief business of the county for eleven years. Fond of change, he

determined then to leave it; and 1799 reached Columbia, where his father, Judge Goforth, one of the earliest and most distinguished pioneers of Ohio, resided. In the spring of the next year, 1800, he removed to Cincinnati, and occupied the Peach-Grove House, vacated by Dr. Allison's removal to the country. Bringing with him a high reputation, having an influential family connection, and being the successor of Dr. Allison, he immediately acquired an extensive practice. But without these advantages he would have gotten business, for, on the whole, he had the most winning manners of any physician I ever knew, and the most of them. Yet they were all his own, for in deportment he was quite an original. The pains taking and respectful courtesy with which he treated the poorest and humblest people of the village, seemed to secure their gratitude; and the more especially as he dressed with precision, and never left his house in the morning till his hair was powdered by our itinerant barber, John Arthurs, and his gold-headed cane was grasped by his gloved hand. His kindness of heart was as much a part of his nature, as hair powder was of his costume; and what might not be given through benevolence, could always be extracted by flattery, coupled with professions of friendship, the sincerity of which he never questioned. In conversation he was precise yet fluent, and abounded in anecdotes, which he told in a way that others could not imitate. He took a warm interest in the politics of what was then the North Western Territory, being at all times the earnest advocate of popular rights. His devo-

tion to Masonry, then a cherished institution of the village, was such that he always embellished his signature with some of its emblems. His hand writing was peculiar, but so remarkably plain, that his poor patients felt flattered to think he should have taken so much pains in writing for *them*. In this part of his character, many of us might find a useful example.

To Dr. Goforth the people were indebted, for the introduction of the Cow-pock, at an earlier time, I believe, than it was elsewhere naturalized in the West. Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Boston, had received infection from England, in the year 1800, and early in 1801 Dr. Goforth received it, and commenced vaccination in this place. I was myself one of his first patients, and seeing that it has extended its protecting influence through fifty years, I am often surprised to find medical gentlemen shying off from a case of small-pox.

At the time Dr. Goforth was educated in New York, the writings of Dr. Cullen had not superseded those of Boerhaave, into whose system he had been inducted. Yet the captivating volume of Brown had fallen into his hands, and he was so far a Brunonian, as to cherish an exceeding hostility to the copious depleting practice of Dr. Rush, which came into vogue in the beginning of this century. In fact he would neither buy nor read the writings of that eminent man. Yet his practice was *not* that of Brown; though it included stimulants and excluded evacuants, in many cases, in which others might have reversed those terms. In looking back to its results, I may say, that in all, except the most

acute forms of disease, his success was creditable to his sagacity and tact.

Fond of schemes and novelties, in the spring of the year 1803, at a great expense, he dug up, at Bigbone lick, in Kentucky, and brought away the largest, most diversified, and remarkable mass of huge fossil bones, that was ever disinterred at one time or place in the United States; the whole of which he put into the possession of that swindling Englishman, Thomas Ashe, alias, Arville, who sold them in Europe and embezzled the proceeds.

Dr. Goforth was the special patron of all who, in our olden time, were engaged in searching for the precious metals in the surrounding wilderness. They brought their specimens of pyrites and blende to him, and generally contrived to quarter themselves on his family, while he got the requisite analyses made, by some black or silver smith. In these researches, Blennerism or the turning of the forked stick, held by its prongs, was regarded as a reliable means of discovering the precious metals not less than water. There was, also, in the village, a man by the name of Hall, who possessed a glass through which he could see many thousand feet into the earth; a feat which I think has not been surpassed, by any of those, whom our modern Cincinnatians have *feted* for their clairvoyance.

The clarification of ginseng and its shipment to China, was, at the beginning of this century, a popular scheme, in which the Doctor eagerly participated; but realized by it much less than those who have since extracted from

that root an infallible cure for tubercular consumption.

This failure however did not cast him down; for about the time it occurred, the genuine East India Columbo root was supposed to be discovered in our surrounding woods; and he immediately lent a hand to the preparation of that article for market. It turned out, however, to be the *Frasera verticillata*, long known to the botanist, and essentially distinct from the oriental bitter.

While these various projects were keeping the Doctor's imagination in a state of high and pleasurable excitement, he became enamored with the Mad River country; to which in the very infancy of its settlement he made a winter visit. Beyond where Urbana has been since built, was the Indian village of Mechacheck, at which he arrived at night, expecting to find inhabitants, but found none, being without the means of kindling a fire and unable to travel back in the dark he came nigh perishing from the cold. Subsequently he made another visit in the month of June, and took me with him. It required five days to reach King's Creek, a few miles beyond the present Urbana, which then had one house and Springfield another. The natural scenery after passing the village of Dayton, was of such exquisite beauty, that I was not surprised at the Doctor's fascination; but a residence there was not in store for him—he had a different destiny.

The time at length arrived when young Cincinnati was to lose the most popular and peculiar physician which had appeared in the

ranks of her infant profession, or indeed *ever* belonged to it, and the motives and manner of the separation were in keeping with his general character. The French Revolution of 1789, had exiled many educated and accomplished men and women, several of whom found their way into the new settlements of the West. The Doctor's political sympathies were with the Revolutionists, but some of the exiles reached the town of Washington where he resided, and their manners and sufferings triumphed over his repugnance to aristocracy, till pictures of the beauty and elegance of French society began to fill his imagination. Thus impressed he came to Cincinnati, where Masonry soon made him acquainted with an exiled lawyer of Paris, street, where the banking edifice of the Trust Company now stands. This gentleman, M. Mennesier, planted the vineyard of which I have spoken, and carried on a bakery in the lower story of his house, while the upper was the lodge of Nova Cesarea Harmony No. 2. The Doctor's association with this member of the *beau monde* of course raised his admiration for Gallic politeness still higher; and just at the time when he began, in feeling, to prefer French to Anglo-American society, President Jefferson purchased Louisiana from Buonaparte, first consul of the *republique francaise*. The enchanting prairies of Mad River were now forgotten, and he began to prepare for a southern migration. Early in the spring of 1807, he departed in a flat boat for the coasts and bayous of the lower Mississippi; where he was soon

appointed a parish judge, and subsequently elected by the Creoles of Attacapas to represent them in forming the first Constitution of the state of Louisiana; soon after which he removed to New Orleans. During the invasion of that city by the British, he acted as surgeon to one of the regiments of Louisiana volunteers. By this time his taste for French manners had been satisfied, and he determined to return to the city which he had left in opposition to the wishes of all his friends and patients. On the first of May, 1816, he left New Orleans, with his family, on a keel boat; and on the 28th of the next December, after a voyage of eight months, he reached our landing. He immediately reacquired business; but in the following spring he sunk under hepatitis, contracted by his summer sojourn on the river.

I must now fall back to the year 1802, and speak of those who came to the town *after* the beginning of the present century. The first was Dr. JOHN STITES, Jr., a native of the vicinity of New York. After receiving a good academical education, he was sent to Philadelphia, to study medicine, and passed three years, as the private pupil and inmate of that remarkable octogenarian, the learned Dr. Caldwell, now, with the exception of Dr. John Redman Coxe, of Philadelphia, perhaps the earliest living graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Stites was for some time a pupil in the Alms, or, as it was then called, the Bettering House. He did not graduate, the reason of which, I do not know. When he arrived here in 1802, he brought out some of the earlier

memoirs and discourses of his preceptor, the fresh and captivating works of Professor Rush, then called the Sydenham of America, and many of the excellent Inaugural Theses of his pupils, which, according to the greater wisdom of that day than this, were required to be printed. Before his arrival scarcely anything of the kind had reached our town; and he has the distinction, therefore, of being the first to introduce, here, the young medical science of our own country. Forming a business connection with Dr. Goforth, he became one of my preceptors, but in less than a year removed to Kentucky, where he died in 1807, at the early age of twenty-seven.

The next immigrant after Dr. Stites, was Dr. JOHN BLACKBURN, born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, 1778. He came here in 1805. In the autumn of 1807, when a body of militia was called temporarily into the field, under the expectation of an invasion of our frontiers by the Indians, assembled at Greenville, under the *prophet*, Dr. Blackburn was appointed assistant surgeon to the regiment raised in this county, and commanded by that intrepid pioneer, Col. John S. Wallace. The regiment, however, was in the field only two weeks. Dr. Blackburn was not a graduate, but possessed a vigorous mind, well stored with various kinds of knowledge. His love of nature, made him prefer the country, and in 1809 he removed to Kentucky, opposite Lawrenceburg, whence he again removed into the State of Indiana, where he died, in 1835, at the age of fifty-seven.

The last immigrant, within our first era, was

Dr. SAMUEL RAMSAY, a native of York county, Pennsylvania. He had attended a course of lectures, but was not a graduate. He reached this place in 1808, near the close of our first period, and not long afterwards, formed a partnership with Dr. Allison, which continued till the death of the latter. Dr. Ramsay, though not brilliant, had a sound medical judgment, united with regular industry, perseverance, and acceptable manners. Thus he retained the practice into which his connection with Dr. Allison had introduced him, and continued in respectable business, up to the period of his death, in the year 1831, when he was fifty years of age.

In classing the physicians of this era, including myself, according to their places of nativity, as far as known to me, they stand as follows: *Massachusetts*, Adams — *Connecticut*, Strong — *New York*, Allison, Goforth, Elliott, Stites — *New Jersey*, Burnet, Morrell, Phillips, Drake — *Pennsylvania*, McClure, Cranmer, Bradburn, Ramsay — *Maryland*, Sellman. The birth places of Carmichael and Hole are not known to me. From this classification, it appears that in proportion to its number, the profession was as much diversified in nativity then as at the present time.

You must have noticed that I have not as yet mentioned the death *in Cincinnati*, of one of its physicians. The first of them who died was Dr. Allison, in 1815; the next, Dr. Goforth, in 1817; after which no other died till the first half of our existence as a city was finished. I may remark still further, that of the seventeen who practiced here, in that period, I have reason

to believe, not one died of consumption. I know the causes of death in the majority, and the others when they left here, were so far advanced in life as to justify the conclusion which I have expressed.

I have made some efforts to ascertain the number of Cincinnati physicians, who have died *in* the city during the second half of its existence. It can not be less than fifty. I leave out of account those who died away from it. Twenty-five times as many deaths in the second as the first half of our professional existence, is a striking fact; and either indicates great increase in the general and medical population, or an increased ratio of mortality. The former we all know to be the case; and I fear the latter is equally true. Moreover, most of the early physicians attained to an age somewhat advanced. Thus the average of the ages of six who practiced here the longest, was fifty-six years. But of those who died in the second half, (except such as commenced their career in the *early* part of the first half of our existence,) very few were far advanced. Many of them, indeed, died young; and quite a number were carried off by pulmonary consumption. It is truly a sad thing, that in the United States the progress of civilization and science should so violate the laws of health, as to shorten the lives of those who are laboring to promote it. I beseech you, gentlemen, to turn your minds to the correction of the errors of hygiene and education, which lead to this melancholy result.

You have observed, as they were previously brought before you, that none of our early phy-

sicians had graduated, and the majority had, probably, not even attended a single course of the imperfect lectures which were delivered in the half-organized schools in the last century. To this unfinished elementary education we may, in *part*, ascribe their not having left any memorials of their practice, nor any references in botany, mineralogy, zoology, and meteorology, although the objects of those sciences lay in freshness and profusion around them. In reference to the last, so intimately connected with the science of medicine, two gentlemen not of our profession have the distinction of being the first to collect facts bearing on our climate. Near the close of the last century, Governor SARGENT made observations, but they were never systematized and published; and it was not till 1806 that the thermometer was observed, and its indications regularly recorded. This was then commenced by Col. JARED MANSFIELD, Surveyor General of the North-western Territory, and afterwards a distinguished Professor at West Point.

The biographical notices of our early physicians is now concluded, and their names, I trust, will forever remain in the archives of our Association, as the first fruits of its organization—the first chapter of our medical history.

In early times Cincinnati was not without her empirics, whose names need not be recorded; but the empiricism of that period, here and elsewhere in the United States, was so different from that of the present time, that I must give to both, a passing notice. The quacks of that day were, so to speak, ignorant physicians—mere

pretenders—but what they pretended was, to be successful imitators of men of science. They relied upon various expedients to commend themselves to the credulous; but their magazines of trickery did not include unblushing denunciations of the very medicines, which secretly they employed. Wealth and fashion had not yet volunteered to indorse the drafts of heartless and cunning impudence; nor learning stooped from her pathway in the firmament of human dignity to pander, like a fallen angel, for vulgar absurdity or mystical nonsense. Nor had legislatures then chartered schools, which revile each other,—yet to fulfill their great mission, unite in teaching ignorant young men, as their first accomplishment, how to slander the profession; as their last effort, how to delude society. To say more, would be incompatible with your dignity—to have said less, would have been injustice to the truth of medical history.

Medicine is a physical science, but a social profession. What skeletons are to the comparative anatomist, and plants to the botanist, people in health and disease are to the physician. Both his elementary studies and his after duties are prosecuted in their midst, and can be pursued no where else. He may be in feeling a cynic, or in taste a recluse, but, practically, he must be ever present among the masses, acting and being re-acted on by them. Thus, *per necessitatem*, he is made a member of the community in which he follows his vocation, and becomes more or less colored by its characteristic dyes. Now, the state of society in our olden time, was very different from the present. In many respects the

contrast between the two is scarcely less than the contrast of the primitive and the present scenery. From the beginning, the military element was predominant, and up to the end of the first era, its influence was still perceptible, not in the generation of ferocious passions and dueling practices, but in fostering indolence, apathy and a love of pleasure. High aims and great enterprises, with intense efforts for their accomplishment, did not belong to those times, even in the older settled portions of the Union, and if they sprang up, as indeed they did, in the minds of some of our pioneers, they had to contend against many adverse and discouraging circumstances. The army, at this time so emulous of civil society, in propriety and purity of manners, was then much further behind a far worse condition of general society. Drinking to intoxication, public balls, theatrical amusements, horse-racing, billiards, and various games of chance, prevailed to a degree exceedingly unfavorable to habits of study or business. Cards, the most dangerous of all family amusements, were a part of the means of wasting time, in the majority of the houses of the village; and the whisky bottle was a symbol of hospitality in the whole. Every body drank, but every body was not a drunkard; nor must it be supposed that there was no minority of industrious, sober-minded and pious persons, who sought by example, as well as precept, to rectify the morals of the majority. Yet even these were temperate drinkers; and when they dispatched a messenger for the family physician, would examine the bottle, and if by chance they found it empty,

would start another to the distillery or nearest tavern. In his morning and his evening rounds the doctor was expected to drink wherever he stopped, and would even give offense by refusing, unless he never drank at all. Public lectures, now so common and instructive or amusing, on almost every branch of human knowledge, were then unthought of; and I can not recollect any associations for mutual improvement, except that primitive, old-fashioned organization, which I really think has done much good in the world—the Young Men's Debating Society. Of those who belonged to *ours*, a large number have since become respectable and useful men, while three have earned a national reputation—John McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Joseph G. Totten, Chief Engineer, and Thomas S. Jesup, Quarter Master General of our army.

The state of society which I have briefly but faithfully sketched, could not be favorable to the cultivation of science, nor to a regular and diligent discharge of the daily duties of the physician, but was well fitted to produce the opposite effects; and, thus, while it deteriorated his personal habits, it contributed to keep the pecuniary condition of the people so low, that the rewards to the physician, throughout the whole era, were such as would now be regarded as insignificant.

In the times of which I speak, the extinct village of Columbia, and the recently awakened and growing town of Newport, with the surrounding country on both sides of the river, were destitute of physicians, and depended on Cincinnati. A trip to Columbia consumed

half a day, and when Newport asked for aid, the physician was ferried over the river in a canoe or skiff, to clamber up a steep, icy, or deep mud bank, where those of the present day ascend, from a steamboat, in their carriages on a paved road. Every physician was then a country practitioner, and often rode twelve or fifteen miles on bridle paths to some isolated cabin. Occasional rides of twenty and even thirty miles were performed on horse-back, on roads which no kind of carriage could travel over. I recollect that my preceptor started early, in a freezing night, to visit a patient eleven miles in the country. The road was rough, the night dark, and the horse brought for him not (as he thought) gentle; whereupon he dismounted after he got out of the village, and, putting the bridle into the hands of the messenger, reached his patient before day on foot. The ordinary charge was twenty-five cents a mile, one-half being deducted, and the other paid in provender for his horse, or produce for his family. These pioneers, moreover, were their own bleeders and cuppers, and practiced dentistry, not less, certainly, than physic—charged a quarter of a dollar for extracting a single tooth, with an understood deduction if two or more were drawn at the same time. In plugging teeth, tin-foil was used instead of gold-leaf, and had the advantage of not showing so conspicuously. Still, further, for the first twelve or fifteen years, every physician was his own apothecary, and ordered little importations of cheap and inferior medicines by the dry goods merchants once a year, taking care to move

in the matter long before they were needed. Mr. James Ferguson, a volunteer in Harmar's campaign, began mercantile business near the corner of Third and Sycamore streets, in 1792, about sixty years ago. The only road to Philadelphia was then through Lexington, Danville and Crab Orchard to Cumberland gap, nearly south, across the broadest part of Kentucky; then north-east, through Abington, Staunton and Winchester, Virginia, by Baltimore, to the city which supplied us with medicines, not less than every other article of merchandize. As he lately informed me, from twenty-five to thirty days was the required time of transportation from Philadelphia to Brownsville, and as much more by the river to Cincinnati. Thus from four to five months were required for the importation of a medicine, which, at this time, being ordered by telegraph and sent by express, may be received in two days, or a sixtieth part of the time. Thus science has lengthened seconds into minutes. The prices at which these medicines were sold, differed widely from those of the present day. Thus an emetic, a Dover's powder, a dose of Glauber's salt, or a night draught of Paregoric and Antimonial Wine, *haustus anodynus* as it was learnedly called, was put at twenty-five cents, a vermifuge or blister at fifty, and an ounce of Peruvian bark at seventy-five for pale and a dollar for best red or yellow. On the other hand personal services were valued very low. For bleeding, twenty-five cents—for sitting up all night, a dollar, and for a visit, from twenty-five to fifty cents, according to the circumstances or character of the patient.

Many articles in common use then, have in half a century been superseded or fallen more or less into neglect. I can recollect Balsam of Sulphur, Balsam Peru, Balsam Tolu, Glauber's Salt, Flowers of Benzoin, Huxham's Tincture, Spermaceti, (for internal use,) Melampodium, Flowers of Zinc, Ammoniaret of Copper, Dragon's Blood, Elemi, Gamboge, Bitter Apple, Nux Vomica, and Red, Pale and Yellow Bark. On the other hand we have gained since that day, the various Salts of Quinine and Morphine, Strichnine, Creosote, Iodine and its preparations, Hydrocyanic Acid, Ergot, Collodion, Sulphate of Magnesia and Chloroform.

Indeed, in half a century our *Materia Medica* has undergone a decided change, partly by the discovery of new articles, and partly by the extraction of the active principles of the old.

The physician often carried medicines in his pocket, and dealt them out in the sick room; but the common practice was to return home, compound and send them out. It was my function during the first three years of my pupilage thus to put up and distribute medicines over the village; in doing which I was occasionally brought as far, or even further, west than the spot on which we are now assembled. In this distribution when my preceptor was, I may say, the principal physician of the village, fleetness was often necessary to the safety of patients; and as there were no pavements, the shortest way through a mud-hole, seemed to boyish calculation the best, and although half a century has rolled away, such is the influence of early impressions, that I have not yet gotten rid

of the conviction ; and having thus distinctly obtruded myself on your notice, I must continue in it to the end, for the purpose of saying a word on medical education in those early times.

Beginning on the 20th of December 1800, at Peach Grove where the Lytle house now stands, my first assigned duties were to read Quincy's Dispensatory and grind quicksilver into *unguentum mercuriale*; the latter of which, from previous practice on a Kentucky hand mill, I found much the easier of the two. But few of you have seen the genuine, old Doctor's shop of the last century; or regaled your olfactory nerves in the mingled odors which, like incense to the god of Physic, rose from brown paper bundles, bottles stopped with worm-eaten corks, and open jars of ointment, not a whit behind those of the Apothecary in the days of Solomon; yet such a place is very well for a student. However idle, he will be always absorbing a little medicine; especially if he sleep beneath the greasy counter. But I must leave off philosophizing and return to my narrative. New studies and a new *studio* awaited me; and through the ensuing spring and summer the adjoining meadow with its forest shade trees, and the deep and dark wood of the near banks and valley of Deer Creek, acted in the manner of the wilderness on the young Indian, caught and incarcerated in one of the school houses of civilization. Underneath those shade trees, the roots of which still send up an occasional scion, or among the wild flowers of the wood, which exhaled incense to Flora instead of *Æsculapius*, it was my allotted task to commit to memory

Chesselden on the bones, and Innes on the muscles, without specimens of the former or plates of the latter; and afterwards to meander the currents of humoral pathology, of Boerhaave and Vansweiten; without having studied the chemistry of Chaptal, the physiology of Haller, or the *Materia Medica* of Cullen.

Such was the beginning of medical education in Cincinnati. I say *beginning*, for I was its *first* pupil. I have already mentioned the aversion of my preceptor to the system of Dr. Rush; which went so far, that he forbade my reading the few writings of that gentleman which he happened to have. The new publications, brought out by Dr. Stites, were, however, a temptation to disobedience not to be resisted; and before my master was aware of the fact, I commanded his respect, by knowing things of which his prejudices had kept him ignorant. You will smile when I tell you that a consequence of this was, that he who never saw defects in one he loved, soon after this—in 1803—began to ask my opinion on cases which he took me with him to see. In the spring of the following year, he made me his partner; and in the summer of the next, when I was preparing to visit the University of Pennsylvania, he favored me with an autograph diploma, setting forth my ample attainments, in all the branches of the profession; and subscribing himself, as he really was, Surgeon General of the First Division of Ohio Militia. This was undoubtedly the first medical diploma ever granted in the interior valley of North America. I cherish it as a memorial of olden time, and still more

as the tribute of a heart so generous, as to set aside all the dictates of judgment, on the qualifications of the stripling to whom it was spontaneously given. By *its* authority I practiced medicine for the next eleven years; at which time it was corroborated by another from the University—the first ever conferred, by that or any other school, on a Cincinnati student.

And now, having successively presented myself, as the first pupil and the first graduate of the town, I may add, as completing the medical history of its first twenty-one years, that I was also its first medical author; having in 1809, written for distribution, a pamphlet on its Etiology and Diseases, under the title of “Notices Concerning Cincinnati.” It was printed in the office of the Rev. John W. Browne, and set by a worthy man, at this moment, perhaps, among you, Mr. Sacket Reynolds, then an apprentice in the office. I can not say of it as Professor Woodhouse said of his introductory lecture after delivering it the twelfth time, that I find new beauties in it every year; yet we must not entirely overlook the “day of small things.” For this is the *only* specimen of our medical literature, for the first half of our city and professional existence.

I have thus, gentlemen, given you some account of our past—of the first third part of the life-time of our city profession. It was then in its infancy, and the footprints of childhood soon grew dim. Yet, if possible, they should not be allowed to fade quite away. Under this sentiment, I have used a little, the chisel of Old Mortality; and feel that I have but discharged a

duty which at all times, the present owes to the past; and the members of a generous profession to each other. Having been *pars minima* of what I have described, the verity of history required that I should not exclude myself. But medical recollections which go back half a century, admonish me, that the characteristic propensities of age may not have been without their influence. Well! so let it be. Every epoch of life should be allowed to illustrate itself. You yourselves will successively follow on; and with the privilege of a senior, permit me to remind you of the maxim of Hippocrates: "Life is short—art is long—occasion brief—experience fallacious—judgment difficult." At whatever age you may be gathered to your fathers, many of your plans will be left unfinished. I pray that the time may be far off; and, still more, that when it comes, each of you may be able, in faith, to lay hold of the cheering declaration of the inspired apostle—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

DISCOURSE II.

ON THE

ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE

OF

MEDICAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE;

AND THE BENEFITS OF

PUBLIC MEDICAL LIBRARIES.

MEDICAL

JOURNALS AND LIBRARIES.

Gentlemen:

LAST evening I had the honor to give you some account of our physicians, and the state of medical practice in early times—to which you listened with respectful attention; but if Cincinnati had remained a village still, your patience, I suspect, would have been exhausted. We take little interest in a rehearsal of the sayings and doings of the child, which has not grown into a distinguished man. We care nothing about the infancy or youth of the “thousand and one,” whose names are found only in our biographical dictionary; but an authentic early life of Hippocrates, Sydenham, or Haller, would be read with deep emotion, although it might present nothing remarkable. Sometimes, however, our attention *is* pleasantly arrested, by the manifestations of a child; but this only happens when we regard them as presaging originality or some form of greatness in the future man. Now all all this is equally true of cities, each of which, in the concrete, appears to the mind as an individual; and hence we speak of its growth, prosperity, adversity, fame, or fortune, as if it were a man. Such was your state of mind last evening. You *realized*, that in sixty-three years, the encampment of twenty pioneers had grown

into a city of one hundred and twenty thousand souls ; and you also felt secure, as to its future advancement. This it was that inspired an interest to the nursery tales of its profession, and enabled you to endure a long narrative without manifesting impatience. But what is the duty, which this conviction of a glorious destiny throws upon *us* ? While each of you is silently answering the question for himself, I may give my own solution, which is, that such foreknowledge should rouse us to great and continued exertion, that our profession may be made to keep pace with every other. If one tissue does not grow as rapidly as the rest, the organ becomes deformed ; and the stunted element appears, as it really is, insignificant. If we predict great things, let us labor to bring them forth. He is the most reliable prophet, who resolves to fulfill his own prophecies. The world is said to *belong* to the generation which inhabits it ; this, however, is not true, for they only possess it as an estate *entailed*, with the right to enjoy the income ; but without the right to destroy any thing they have inherited, while they are bound to improve the condition of everything before they transmit it to the next generation. This is the law of philanthropy, and he who violates it, is a misanthrope. But every generation must be the exclusive judge of what it should or can do to quicken the progress of the profession. It decides on the means it will employ ; and in the enjoyment of this liberty, we have resolved on establishing a library of periodical and rare books, and it has been my fate or fortune, (I know not which,) to be chosen by the Executive Committee, to deliver a discourse appropriate to the object.

I feel honored by the invitation, yet, I must confess, that neither my education nor researches exactly fit me for the task, and hence, I fear, we shall all regret that the distinguished professor and author,* who has lately come among us from the more enlightened east, had not, according to my own suggestion, been chosen for a duty to which his deep and varied erudition is so perfectly adapted.

I shall begin the duty assigned me, by directing your attention to the fact, that our Association is intended and expected to embrace all the physicians of the city and its vicinity who are morally, socially and professionally honorable, whatever may be their rank on the scale of talents, learning, business or reputation. Thus it is not a close or exclusive society, composed of a few who have a peculiar taste or some specific aim. Societies of that kind have their utility, and will always exist. Two of them at this time embrace a large number of the physicians of the city, but between them and this association, there is neither incompatibility nor antagonism. The world is filled with different organizations of the *same* men for different objects. When Capt. Parry undertook to reach the north pole on a sledge drawn by arctic dogs, it was so constructed as to become a boat whenever he reached a vein of open water. And thus, on the journey of life, we are often required to harness ourselves in a new mode, or fail in much which might otherwise be achieved.

Many years since, an attempt was made by a society of our physicians, to found a library;

* Dr. John Bell.

but it failed, because it had other objects taking precedence of that, and also because it included only a part of the profession of the city. *Our* first object is to establish a permanent reading room; the next to make our casual and stated meetings, personally and professionally beneficial. Time, the parent of that great teacher, experience, will show how these benefits can be gathered, and what their nature may be; but He who gave us the capacity of drawing maxims of wisdom from the past, gave us, also, an ability to look at our means and resources for the future; and in doing this we may clearly perceive that the Hall of our Association will be a neutral and consecrated spot, on which our personal prejudices or antipathies will not be brought; that it will sometimes be the scene of deep and silent research; at others of courteous and earnest conversation; at others of more formal debate; and at others still, of profound attention to the reading of scientific papers; while, in every form and mode of exercise, an ever present and cherished idea, will be the growth and enrichment of our library.

The next aspect under which we may, with satisfaction, regard our enterprise, is its intended and expected permanence. To myself this view greatly enhances its interests, and must, I think, cheer and sustain us in our labors. Who does not admit, with what different feelings he contemplates a temporary and a permanent benefit. The thought that a blessing may be transient, diminishes our interest in it; and to convince us that an enterprise will soon come to an end, is to sap the foundations of our energy and breed in our hearts indifference if not aversion. The

philanthropist delights in giving endurance to his schemes; and the statesman aims to render the prosperity, power and glory of his country imperishable. The *enlightened* aspirant for medical distinction is but little taken with the applause of the present moment, unless he perceive, that after it has passed away, there will remain some enduring element of fame—some solid and undecaying trunk with fruit-bearing branches, which might have been overspread and hidden by a gorgeous drapery of leaves and flowers, that enraptured the gazing populace for a day, but had no charms for him. When we feel in our hearts, this indifference to the fleeting, and this warm regard for the permanent, let us believe, that God has implanted the instinct for a wise purpose; and then follow it as a heavenly guide. It is manifestly intended to turn us from the labors of the day—from the things which perish when the hand which formed ceases to uphold them—to the things and objects which endure through indefinite ages—renewing, I should rather say—augmenting their magnitude and their beneficent fruits with every successive generation. *Our* enterprise is of this kind; and it thus, at the same moment, presents the noble traits of utility, comprehensiveness and permanence! No more could be required! Hope needs no warmer cheering—good taste no purer object—labor no stronger support! Let us, then, join our hearts and hands together, and hold each other on to its full and final accomplishment.

The periodical literature of our profession is of modern origin. It chiefly consisted in the forming stage, of the papers read before medical societies, and published in occasional, sometimes annual volumes. The first of these was begun in the year 1722, under the title — *Acta Medicorum Berolinensium*, in Berlin, Prussia. I have not seen it, but believe it was annual. Nine years afterward, A. D. 1731, another series of yearly volumes was commenced by a society in Edinburgh, under the title of *Medical Essays and Observations*, and continued to six volumes. Each was divided into four parts: first, Weather and Disease in Edinburgh; second, Epidemics of the Different Seasons there and elsewhere; third, Original Essays and Papers; fourth, Explanatory Diagrams and Figures; fifth, Discoveries and Improvements in Medicine. Here we have substantially the plan of the most popular periodicals of the present day, from which it differed, in being an *annual* instead of a quarterly or monthly. This first periodical of our own language is in the Library of the University of Louisville. In 1753, a second German work was commenced at Leipsic, under the title of *Commentarii de Rebus in Scientia Naturali et Medicina gestis*. In 1754, Vandermonde, of Paris, began the publication of his *Recueil Périodique d'Observations de Médecine, de Chirurgie, et Pharmacie*, which, as far as my means of research can carry me, was the first medical periodical of France. I do not know at what intervals it was published; but the title indicates that it was to be published at stated periods. Five years afterward, 1759,

a second was started under the title of *Journal de Medicine*. The Edinburg annual of 1731, which I have just named, proved to be the prototype of a quarterly magazine, in the same city, which, in plan and objects, was still more identical with the journals of the present day. It was projected, like the other, by a society, of which Dr. Andrew Duncan was secretary. The first number, bearing the title of *Medical and Philosophical Commentaries*, was issued in the month of January, 1773, and it was kept up by that distinguished physician for twenty years, when he merged it in annual volume, under the title of *Annals of Medicine*. Each number was divided into four heads—first, an account of books in medicine and those branches of philosophy most intimately connected with it. Second, Medical Cases and Observations. Third, Medical News. Fourth, List of New Medical publications. Both these works are, also, in the University of Louisville. As yet London and Dublin had issued no journals; and we may take this, as the first medical *quarterly* in our language, beginning 79 year ago. The Edinburg school was at that time in high relative distinction; and to its quickening influence, we should, I suppose, ascribe this important movement, in advance of any in the sister cities of the United Kingdom.

Such was the origin of medical periodical literature in Germany, France, and Great Britain, and we see that even its annual form does not date back more than 120 or 130 years; the first half of which period was but a protracted infancy. Yet the art of printing had, then, been invented more than 250 years, and a learned periodical of general literature and science, en-

titled the *Journal des Savans*, had been commenced in France nearly a century before. When we contrast the late and tardy development of this branch of our literature, with its progress and character since the commencement of the present century, the mind turns inquiringly after the causes of so great a difference. We may readily admit, that many of these are not peculiar to our profession; for *all* periodical literature has experienced an impulse, which might well fix the attention of the philosophical historian. Without the slightest pretension to that character, I may venture to throw out a few suggestions.

As long as physicians and other philosophers, made it their chief and cherished occupation, to pore over the writings of the ancients—Greek, Roman and Saracenic—their labors consisted largely in writing notes, commentaries, prefaces, and appendices to the books, the study of which they preferred to the study of nature. For the publication of such servile lucubrations, a periodical press was not required, and of course not established. To Bacon, the nations which speak the language of that extraordinary man, (if not the whole of Europe,) were indebted for at least the beginning of their emancipation from the shackles, which the dark ages had fixed upon them. Men began to inquire into nature as she appeared to them, and correspondingly ceased to inquire how nature had appeared to *Hippocrates*, *Aristotle*, *Galen* or *Pliny*, two thousand years before; but the results of *such* inquiry could not be recorded on the margins or blank leaves of the venerable tomes handed down from the times of those great men. Thus,

original publications became necessary; but they did not at first assume the periodical character. The march of this reformation, or, rather, of the liberation from intellectual bondage, was onward, but not rapid; for under a traditional veneration for the *fathers*, men still sought to reconcile their own observations and conclusions with those of antiquity. Even those great observers, Sydenham, and more especially Boerhaave, made frequent reference to Hippocrates, Celsus and Galen; yet both presented so much originality, as to bring many of *their* cotemporaries and successors into a state of admiring dependence, and secure for themselves commentators as patient and prolix as any who had before honored the *first* fathers; the idolatry continued, though in a diminishing degree, but the idols were changed. In our own country this kind of reverence has not yet become extinct; but, in a modified and harmless form displays itself in the introductions and annotations with which so many of us enlarge or illustrate the writings of our European cotemporaries.

Since the emancipation of mind from a slavish devotion to the mind which went before it, periodical literature, in every department of knowledge, has waxed greater and greater in volume and originality, until not only in medicine, but all the sciences, it has become a paramount element. It is not only the first to present all discoveries and inventions, but actually supplies to the masses almost every thing they read. The review of a book they prefer to the book itself. If the reviewer condemn it, they think it unworthy of being read; if he praise it, they may purchase, but will seldom study it.

This gives to journalism in every department of human knowledge a mighty power, which, to its own glory, it has created for itself. Its own hands have placed the crown upon its brow, and given it a dominion over the intellect and feelings of the world, which it will never abdicate, and from which it can never be cast down. Even at the present time, when we can not believe its influence fully developed, its power sets every estimate at defiance, and its extinction would arrest the progress of civilization. But its own growth has been signally promoted by the civilization which it has so remarkably advanced, and of which it is a *pars maxima*. Thus, the ways and means of internal and external personal and national intercourse and conveyance, which constitute distinguishing features of modern society, so obviously and powerfully favor the progress of every form and kind of journalism, that in our inquiry after the causes of its extension, magnitude and power, in the middle of the nineteenth century, compared with that of the eighteenth, we are required to ascribe a large influence to agencies entirely material, and connected only with publication and distribution.

This extended journalism, the effect of one revolution in medical science, is becoming the cause of another. Before it was brought into existence, the inventions and discoveries in each country found their way but tardily among its own physicians, and many of them never passed its boundaries. Thus, each nation acquired an idiosyncrasy, which would have been far less strongly marked, if its opinions, prejudices and traditions, had been brought into contact with those of other nations. National peculiarities

in pathology and practice, especially the latter, will always exist; but they *should* be no greater than logically flow from the peculiar, physical and moral conditions of each country, after they have been compared with and neutralized by every other. Now, it is one of the missions of journalism to forward this comparison, and by augmenting the *common*, to diminish the *peculiar*

The national interchange and extension of improvements in medicine, can be effected in three modes only. *First*. — By the reciprocal attendance of students and visiting physicians, on the Universities and Hospitals of different nations. But this is personal, and wholly insufficient for the instruction or information of the majority, who are never taught out of their native land. *Second*. — By the importation or re-publication of monographs or systematic treatises. This, in some cases may be sufficient, as, for example, the physicians of the United States may, in this mode, acquire a knowledge of English, Scotch, and Irish medicine; but those older countries are not likely to import or re-publish many of our works. And when we turn from those who speak and write the English language, to the continent of Europe, we find the difficulties in this method of interchange greatly increased, for we there see medicine cultivated in the French, German, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian, Swedish, Latin, and other languages, and a necessity for translators to prepare the works of one nation for re-publication in another. This imposes a severe restriction on the dissemination of knowledge,

because many works containing matter which might be new to the physicians of other countries, at the same time include so much that is common to the whole, as to render it unsafe for translators and publishers to engage in their dissemination. Thus we are driven on the *third* method, or that of the periodical press, which we have already discussed.

By the development which this method has recently acquired, and which is still going forward, every nation is, or may be put into cheap and early possession of all the important discoveries, inventions, improvements, and new conclusions of every other. Thus, each is correcting its own errors, and extending the knowledge and influence of its own truths by the aid of all the rest. The discovery of a new remedy in Guy's Hospital is telegraphed to Paris, and prescribed the next day in the Hotel Dieu; it proves ineffective, the patient dies, a new form of pathological lesion is found, a Paris hebdomadal carries the record back to London, and in a single month the periodical press makes it known throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Edinburgh develops a new truth in hygiene or surgery, which her periodicals transmit to Berlin, whence, by the same instrumentality, it is spread over Germany. By the same (figurative) speaking trumpet, the physicians of the Medeterranean instruct those of the Baltic, and are instructed in turn; London, St. Petersburg, and Calcutta compare their experience, and Edinburgh, Pisa, Vienna, and Paris, in the same language, proclaim their scientific discoveries to the world.

But to look at this subject in its full mag-

nitude, we must now contemplate it in our own country. Every packet brings to our shores the periodical issues of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, and Italy; and, on returning carries to the old the humbler contributions of the young world. That which once required years to reach us, now comes in as many weeks; and that which was formerly seen by hundreds only is now read by thousands. The discoveries and practical improvements in physic and surgery of our elder and abler brethren of Europe, are no longer thought of, as revelations, which may or may not reach us, till our eyes are too dim to read them, our hands too old and stiff to adopt new modes of operating, but they come fresh and warm, and full of life-juice, and, like young and succulent buds, readily take root in the stock of our existing knowledge. Even the village surgeon now cuts according to the newest fashion of some great transatlantic operator; and when two country physicians meet for consultation in the log cabin of a backwoodsman, they discuss the propriety of a practice, which, but thirty days before, had been PROEESSED BY A PROFESSOR in one of the ancient universities of Europe. Thus, the voice of the Thames, the Danube, or the Seine, is heard, repeated, and approved or condemned, by that of the Ohio or the Missouri; and this brings us to the special consideration of our own periodical literature, without the aid of which, this phenomenon of unlimited and rapid diffusion could not have appeared.

Medical Journalism in the new world did not begin as a mere reprint or humble imitation of

that sent us from the old; very little of which had indeed reached us, at the period when our own commenced, for, in truth, the old had then but little to send. So limited, indeed, had been the patronage of Great Britain and Ireland, that after publishing a quarterly for twenty years, Dr. Duncan, in 1795, took the back step of returning to an annual volume. It was at this very moment of British retrogression, that America was preparing to make her appearance on the theater of medical journalism. New York has the honor of having led in this enterprise; and three native physicians, who had never visited Europe, Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell of that city, Dr. Elihu H. Smith of Connecticut, and Dr. Edward Miller of Delaware, have the distinction of being its projectors and conductors. On the 26th of July, 1797, the founders of periodical literature, sent forth the first number of the *New York Medical Repository*, which was continued in quarterly issues till twenty volumes, (and perhaps more,) were published. Before the second was completed, the brightest medical genius of the editorial triumvirate, Dr. Smith, fell a victim to yellow fever, then epidemic in New York, but the others continued the work without interruption. During the publication of the fifteenth volume, Dr. Miller also died, and it was afterwards conducted by Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Felix Pascalis, and Dr. Samuel Ackerly. A copy of this work is in our library, of which it very properly constitutes the corner stone.*

* As Dr. Duncan had reconverted his quarterly into a yearly publication, in 1795, there was not, I believe, in the English

The second American periodical was commenced in Philadelphia, A. D. 1803, by Professor Benjamin Smith Barton, under the title of the *Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal*. It was devoted to zoology and botany, not less than medicine, and partly on that account, perhaps, expired, at the end of the third volume. It was, however, immediately followed by the *Medical Museum*, which was continued for six years, edited by Dr. John Redman Coxe, now the oldest living editor in the United States. Copies of both these early periodicals are in our rooms.

A few years afterwards Baltimore entered the list. In 1809, Dr. Tobias Watkins commenced and completed one volume of the *Baltimore Medical and Physical Recorder*; and, in 1811, Dr. Nathaniel Potter brought out another under the title of the *Baltimore Medical and Philos. Lyceum*. Both of which are on our shelves.

At a period still later, Boston made her appearance in the field, by the publication, January, 1812, of the first number of the *New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, conducted by a number of physicians. It was published quarterly. This, also, is in our collection.

Thus, in the course of fifteen years, from 1797 to 1812, medical journalism was implanted in all the great cities of our sea-board. True to its *American* connection with medical schools,

language, a medical quarterly or monthly, at the time the *New York Repository* was first issued. This had led some persons into the error, that it was the first ever published in our language. For a while it was the only one.

it has, however, flourished most in Philadelphia, which, for half a century, has taken the lead in medical education. Within that period, many journals have been started in that city and elsewhere east of the mountains. Some of which soon expired, others were absorbed by pre-existing publications, and others have held on their way.

Before leaving the States of the seaboard for those of the interior, I must refer to the origin of a journal devoted to the sciences auxiliary to medicine. Here, again, New York attempted the lead, but failed. In the year 1810, Dr. Archibald Bruce commenced, in that city, a *Journal of Mineralogy*, but it ceased never to be revived, at or before the end of the first volume; after which, as far as I know, nothing further was attempted for the next seven or eight years.

In the year 1817, Dr. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Professor in Yale College, projected a periodical to be devoted to *Physics* and *Natural History* generally. At New Haven, in the month of July, 1818, the first number appeared, under the title of *American Journal of Science and Art*, and it has been continued, bi-monthly, ever since. For the first thirty-three volumes, he was the sole editor; then his son, B. SILLIMAN, Jun., now Professor of Chemistry in the Medical Department of the University of Louisville, became his associate; and, on the commencement of the fifty-first volume, Professor J. W. Dana, of Yale College, was added to the number. This journal, running through a third of a century, contains a vast number of

papers, intimately connected with medicine, and, therefore, richly deserves a notice among our own first periodicals. It has gone, hand in hand, with the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, in making us known to the *Savans* of Europe—a proud, self-erected monument, to the unconquerable perseverance of its distinguished founder.

But my object being to indicate the *beginnings* of our periodical literature, I shall not attempt further to follow the history of eastern enterprise, but will now proceed to speak of those beginnings in our own interior valley.

In the year 1818-19, I issued proposals for a journal, and obtained between two and three hundred subscribers; but other duties interfered with my entering on its publication. Immediately after resigning the Professorship of Surgery, in the Medical College of Ohio, my gifted, indefatigable, and lamented friend, the late Dr. JOHN D. GODMAN, determined on a similar enterprise; and, in March, 1822, issued the first number of the *Western Quarterly Reporter*, of which, Mr. John P. Foote, then a bookseller and cultivator of science, was, at his own risk, the publisher. Dr. Godman, at the end of a year, returned to the east; and, with the sixth number, the work was discontinued. A copy of this first periodical of the West, is now in our collection.

Three years afterwards, in the spring of 1826, Dr. GUY W. WRIGHT and Dr. JAMES M. MASON, western graduates, commenced a semi-monthly, under the title of the *Ohio Medical Repository*. At the end of the first volume, I became con-

nected with it, in place of Dr. Mason, the title was changed to the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*, and it was published monthly. At the end of the first volume it came into my exclusive proprietary and editorial charge, and was continued under the title of the *Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, with the motto, at that time not inappropriate, of "*E sylvis nuncius.*" My first editorial associate was Dr. JAMES C. FINLEY, the next, Dr. WILLIAM WOOD, then Drs. GROSS and HARRISON. After the dissolution of the Medical Department of the Cincinnati College in 1839, it was transferred to Louisville on my appointment there, and its subscription list was united with that of the *Louisville Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, begun by Profs. Miller and Yandell, and Dr. Th. H. Bell; but suspended after the second number. The title was now slightly modified, and from a quarterly it was again made a monthly. Professor Yandell united with me in the editorial department, and soon afterwards Dr. Thomas W. Colescott was added. In 1849, my connection with it was dissolved, and also that of Dr. Colescott, since which, it has been continued by Professor Yandell and Dr. Bell. Thus, the second publication of Cincinnati and the West has been successful, so far as this, that under different names, and with one change of place, it has lived through a quarter of a century; during twenty-one years of which period, it was my very equivocal good fortune to have a connection with it as an editor, and three times as a publisher. As it was, strictly speaking, the first *established* journal

of the interior valley, and is now, by far, the oldest, this extended notice will not be regarded as out of place.

As we should have a complete history of the Journalism of our own city, I must speak of other enterprises, but am not certain that I can name the whole.

In the autumn of 1832 the Faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, projected a semi-monthly journal under the title of the *Western Medical Gazette*. It was edited by Professors John Eberle, Thomas D. Mitchell and Alban G. Smith. At the end of nine months it was suspended. Five months afterwards Dr. Silas Reed revived it as a monthly, and Dr. Samuel D. Gross, then demonstrator of Anatomy in that school, was added to the editorial corps. It was continued to the completion of the second volume from the beginning, when in April 1835, the editors withdrew, and Dr. Reed united it with the *Western Journal*, the history of which has just been given.

In the following autumn, September, 1835, Dr. James M. Mason, already mentioned, recommenced a new publication, to which he gave the name, *Ohio Medical Repository*, the same with that of which he was one of the editors and publishers in 1826. Like that also, it was issued semi-monthly. It did not, I believe, continue through its first year.

In the year 1842 Dr. Leonidas M. Lawson, now a Professor in the Medical College of Ohio, commenced the *Western Lancet*, which has been continued ever since.

In 1847, Dr. James Taylor, a Professor in

the Ohio College of Dental Surgery, began the publication of the *Dental Register of the West*, which he still continues quarterly.

Such is the outline history of medical journalism in our city; the first in the interior valley and the fifth in the United States, to commence their publication. We must now look elsewhere.

Lexington, Kentucky, once the metropolitan town of the Interior Valley, has the honor, at the suggestion of the eminent surgeon, Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley, of having commenced medical education in the valley. But she is second to Cincinnati in periodical literature. Seven years after the suspension of Dr. Godman's Reporter, two years after the beginning of the Ohio Medical Repository, and one after its appearance as the Western Medical and Physical Journal, Lexington, early in 1828, sent forth the first number of the "*Transylvania Journal of Medicine and the Associate Sciences*," edited by Drs. JOHN E. COOKE and CHARLES W. SHORT, Professors in the Medical Department of Transylvania University. These gentlemen, assisted by their colleagues, especially Professor CALDWELL, conducted it till 1832; when it passed into the hands of another colleague Professor LUNSFORD P. YANDELL, who continued its editor till he left the University for Louisville in 1837. Professor ROBERT PETER then became its editor, till 1839 or '40, when it expired.

Beginning his editorial career with this Journal in 1832, and continuing still in the same labor at Louisville, Professor Yandall is now

after the lapse of twenty years the senior medical editor of the Interior Valley.

Let us turn for a moment to the north. In the month of January 1826, the *Quebec Medical Journal*, to be published quarterly was begun by Dr. XAVIER TESSIER of that city, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. It was in the French and English languages, according to the communications made to it. Dr. Tessier was the translator of Begin's Therapeutics. This I believe was the commencement of medical journalism in Canada. Dr. Tessier gave extended notices of the progress of medical science in the United States. At the end of the second volume, this work was discontinued—I believe by the death of its enterprising editor. Our library is indebted for a copy of it to the kindness of Dr. Fremont of Quebec.

After the journals of Cincinnati and Lexington were begun, it was many years before any were started in other towns of the interior; but latterly the number has become great. My object, however, has been accomplished, by showing the implantation of our periodical literature in the heart of the continent as well as on the seaboard; and turning from particular histories, I ask your attention to the number now publishing in the different states. It is as follows: New Hampshire, one; Massachusetts, one; New York, seven; New Jersey, one; Pennsylvania, five; Maryland, one; Virginia, one; South Carolina, one; Georgia, one; Louisiana, two; Tennessee, one; Kentucky, two; Ohio, three; Illinois, one; Missouri, one; Iowa,

one; Canada, two.* The whole number amounts to thirty-two, of which thirty are in the United States. As there was none fifty-five years ago, it follows that the increase has been at the rate of one for every year and eight months, since the first was issued.

The relative increase of population and journals, for the first half of this century, has been very different. In 1850 the population was only three and three-fourth times above what it was in 1800; but the number of journals was thirty times as great; thus the increase of the latter was eight times as great as the former. When we compare our population and journals with those of Great Britain and Ireland, the result is striking. Prof. Lawson has informed

* It may be useful for future reference, to record the titles of our Journals at the close of the year 1851. For the general catalogue, I am indebted to Prof. Lawson, of the Medical College of Ohio, and Editor of the *Western Lancet*: for those on Dental Surgery, to Dr. James Taylor, professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery, and Editor of the *Dental Register of the West*.

New Hampshire.—*New Hampshire Med. and Surg. Jour.*, Monthly, Concord.

Massachusetts.—*Boston Med. and Surg. Jour.* Weekly, Boston.

New York.—*New York Jour. of Med.*, Bi-monthly, City of N. Y.; *Med. Times*, Semi-monthly, City of N. Y.; *Med. Gaz.*, Semi-monthly, City of N. Y.; *Dental Recorder*, Semi-monthly, City of N. Y.; *Northern Lancet*, Monthly, Plattsburgh; *Amer. Jour. of Insanity*, Quarterly, Utica; *Buffalo Med. Jour.*, Monthly, Buffalo.

New Jersey.—*Med. Reporter*, Monthly, Burlington.

Pennsylvania.—*Amer. Jour. Med. Sciences*, Quarterly, Philadelphia; *Med. Examiner*, Monthly, Philadelphia; *Med. News*, Monthly, Philadelphia; *Amer. Jour. of Pharmacy*, Quarterly, Philadelphia; *Dental News Letter*, Quarterly, Philadelphia.

me that the United Kingdom has but fifteen journals, which gives one for every 1,830,000 inhabitants; while in this country, there is one for every 715,000. I can not extend the comparison to the continent of Europe, but feel quite certain that the number of our journals is greater for the number of people, than in any other nation of the earth.

This remarkable multiplication should arrest our attention, both as to its causes and effects; and first of the former. Does it indicate either a great expansion of our periodical literature? an immense number of readers? or a multitude of writers? I must answer the whole of these questions in the negative. A long continued connection with the *Western Journal*, and much intercourse with publishers and Editors, on both sides of the mountains, have convinced me, that

Maryland.—Amer. Jour. of Den. Science, Baltimore.

Virginia.—Stethoscope, Monthly, Richmond.

South Carolina.—Charleston Med. Jour. and Review, Bi-monthly, Charleston.

Georgia.—South. Med. and Surg. Jour., Monthly, Augusta.

Louisiana.—N. O. Med. Jour., Bi-monthly, New Orleans; Monthly Med. Register, Monthly, New Orleans.

Tennessee.—Nashville Jour. of Med. and Surg., Bi-monthly, Nashville.

Kentucky.—West. Jour. Med. and Phy. Sciences, Monthly, Louisville; Trans. Med. Jour., Semi-monthly, Louisville.

Ohio.—Western Lancet, Monthly, Cincinnati; Dent. Register, Quarterly, Cincinnati; Ohio Med. and Surg. Jour., Bi-monthly, Columbus.

Illinois.—N. W. Med. and Surg. Jour., Monthly, Chicago.

Missouri.—St. Louis Med. and Surg. Jour., Monthly, St. Louis.

Iowa.—N. W. Medico. Chir. Jour., Monthly, Keokuk.

Canada.—British Amer. Med. and Phys. Jour., Monthly, Montreal; Upper Canada Jour. of Med. Surg. and Phy. Science, Monthly, Toronto.

a large proportion of our journals have subscription lists, which compared with those of Great Britain, are (as I suppose) exceedingly limited. Very few of the whole, afford any profit to their publishers, and still fewer any compensation to their Editors; while scarcely one pays anything to contributors. There is no mistaking the import of these facts, which point directly to the conclusion, that we can not estimate the number of readers, by the number of our journals. It is not, then, strictly speaking, a demand, which has carried their number up to thirty, instead of thirteen, as the British proportion would give, but some other cause or causes.

The first which occurs to my mind, lies imbedded in our national character, and was developed there by our free institutions. The daily, weekly and monthly journals of the United States, are more diversified and numerous, than those of all the world beside. Henceforth and forever, the political philosopher may hold, that, *cæteris paribus*, their number will be directly as the freedom—inversely as the absolutism of government; and need ask no other exponent—seek for no other sign—would find no surer if he did—than the proportion of political and social periodicals, compared with the population of a country. Journalism, then, is an American—a republican—propensity; and it would be remarkable, indeed, if it did not display itself beyond the limits of business, politics, religion, popular education, and polite literature.

But there are causes in the medical profession which quicken and sustain this propensity in

great activity. Our Union consists of sovereign States, in each of which there is an *esprit du corps*, and a metropolitan center; each has newspapers devoted to its own interests, and it would be strange, if it did not aspire to other and higher publications. England, Scotland and Ireland manifest this individuality, and have more journals than if they were one people, like the French; but the States of our Union are ten times as numerous as those of the United Kingdom, and of course our medical journals are multiplied correspondingly. But the indirect influence of our federal system, is still greater than the direct. Each State is emulous of every other; an aspiration of eminent advantage on the whole, but sometimes injurious to particular interests. Under the influence of this emulation, we find our State legislatures at all times ready to grant charters for medical education; and as American physicians, in a strange delusion, theoretically attach greater pleasure and dignity to the teaching, than the practice of medicine, they are ever applying for chartered privileges. Thus we already have more medical schools than we have States or journals; and are likely to have the number of both increased every year. Now the greater part of the latter, from the beginning, have been projected by those who belonged to medical schools. This was the case with the first periodicals of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Lexington, and I know not how many other places. Of all the journals of the West and South, those originally started here, and the two in New Orleans are, I believe, the only ones, not put

forth directly or indirectly by those engaged in teaching. Here then we have the main cause of that aspect of our periodical literature, which must strike our transatlantic brethren as very remarkable.

We must now consider the effects of this multiplication. One of the most obvious benefits is an increase of the number of readers. Many physicians subscribe for a journal published near to them, who would not send to a great distance; others through feelings of State pride, and others still from its being conducted by the professors of their alma mater. And, although these motives are not of a high order, the acts to which they prompt are productive of improvements. Another benefit resulting from the multiplication of journals and their wide dissemination over the country is, that they call forth communications from neighboring physicians, who would never be aroused or emboldened to write for distant, and perhaps, more distinguished periodicals; and thus our science receives many contributions of facts, which otherwise would perish with those who observed them, while the writers themselves are by the very efforts stimulated to improvement. On the other hand, it is undeniable, that the demand for new materials is so far beyond the supply, that much finds its way to our periodical press which, by its want of originality or intrinsic importance, with a still greater lack of simplicity and purity of style, retards the improvement of our medical literature, and postpones the time when it will enjoy the confidence and receive the homage of men of profound science or accomplished

scholarship. Still further, the want of extended and productive subscription lists, renders it impossible for publishers to make such compensation for communications as would greatly contribute not only to swell their number, but improve their quality. In every country, as far as I can learn, not less than in our own, physicians, as a class, are either poor, or in moderate pecuniary circumstances. The exceptions are chiefly found in the large cities of the world, and even there, to speak in our good and strong mother tongue, the majority barely contrive to make a living. It can not be doubted, then, that a liberal compensation to writers would act as a most effective stimulant, and greatly promote the elevation of our profession. The time when this desirable state of things will exist is, I fear, remote. The causes which continue to multiply our journals, must first exhaust themselves. Meanwhile new ones will be frequently starting up. It is but a few weeks since a physician, residing in a State where three journals now exist, did me the honor to ask my opinion about his establishing a fourth. I felt bound to advise him against it, and here I come to say, that the United States, it seems to me, needs but *one* more journal, and that should not be local but continental; not analytical and analectic, but critical; not a vehicle for communications, but of reviews; not in the interest of any *one* of our thirty odd schools, but of the whole; not suborned to the business of those who republish foreign books, but fitted to teach them that all re-publications should be works of sterling merit; finally, not disposed to enquire

what Europe has said of a book before speaking out, but resolved to make Europe ask, what does America say of it? Such a review, which might give whatever is new and valuable in all the important works of the day, with due condemnation of the remainder, is, at this moment, a *desideratum*. It would become at once a center of attraction and radiation, like the sun which keeps the planets in their orbits, while his rays impart life and joy to all who inhabit them. It might well be asked, who among us can do these things? The question is too hard for me to answer.

I come now to speak of the second object of our Association, the founding a library of rare and valuable books—such as are not commonly met with in our limited private libraries, or used as text books, or *vade mecum* of practice. The books owned by the physicians of this, or any other considerable city of the United States, if brought together, would make a large and imposing collection; yet, if examined and classed, it would be found, that the majority in every library are the same in kind. Each physician, indeed, purchases chiefly those which are suitable for reference in daily practice, and adapted to the tuition of his pupils. Even when, from time to time, he augments his library, it is with new elementary and practical works, which are to supersede those with which he set out. Such libraries of course have their use, but it must be admitted, that they are superficial and limited; and that improvement by reading is soon at an end with *such* resources only. The true and healthful bibliothical element of the mind, con-

sists of monographs, reports of original observations, and the systematic works, which, in different ages, have presented the existing facts and principles of the profession, as they appeared to men of genius and experience. Such works have been, at all times, appearing and disappearing. They are not like ordinary compilations superseded by others of a later imprint, but a new generation overlooks them. They are like great men who have retired from the public gaze. They lie embalmed in the truths with which they are penetrated and can not decay; but like the bodies of kings and philosophers, steeped in spices and deposited in the catacombs, they are found only in unfrequented closets and alcoves. Now and then some of them are brought to the light and resuscitated, as has lately been done by the Sydenham Society; but such editions are soon exhausted, and they again retire from the eye of the ordinary practitioner. It is to this class of works that our Association will, I hope, turn its attention; and every member may, perhaps, contribute a few volumes from his own library. He may, at least, be on the look out, and from time to time pick up something valuable, while he is engaged in his ordinary avocations; as the husbandman in California, by directing his eye on the furrow in which he is to plant his corn, may chance to discover lumps of gold. Such a collection has an attractive and self-growing power, from the moment it is brought into existence; as zinc and copper become galvanic by contact, or magnetic iron augments its weight when drawn through filings of that metal. Let

us take courage, then, and begin the good work immediately. He was a wise man, who, in the woods, fixed on the place for his orchard, and then planted the seed while the forest was yet undisturbed; let us be prompt in following his example.

If we look at the difference between the old world and the new in their medical libraries, we shall realize our barrenness. *There* the work of collection began centuries ago, and they who commenced it were the benefactors of the present generation. We must consider especially the low condition of the profession in this interior of our great continent, as to bibliothecal riches! The medical departments of Transylvania University—the University of Louisville, and the Medical College of Ohio, have libraries which contain many valuable books; but neither of them is growing, and none is open to the public. They are indeed not to be relied upon; and our physicians should look to themselves. And this leads me to say, that the dignity and usefulness of the American profession require, that the physicians of all our great cities, should establish public libraries of choice and valuable books. From Boston to Charleston on the sea board this requirement has, for aught I know, been partially met. If fully satisfied, however, we of the interior would derive no advantage from it. Our own rising cities—Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Nashville, Mobile, New Orleans, and many smaller towns should have their library associations; and collect those stores of scientific aliments which are not less necessary

to the mind's growth and activity, than daily observation at the bed side of the sick.

But on this point I would especially address myself to the three great teaching cities, which are embosomed in the valley of the Mississippi. I have called them great, and such they are, if we take them as daughters of the wilderness, whose aggregate ages scarcely equal those of their three oldest physicians. St. Louis counts but 87, Louisville 72, and Cincinnati 63 years. Yet young as these cities are, their population amounts to more than a quarter of a million. The physicians of each constitute a civic or local profession, and while contemplating their privileges and advantages, as compared with those of their brethren in the smaller towns and the country, they should also, consider seriously the duties which are thus thrown upon them. Medical science has not often been successfully cultivated out of large cities. *They* are, in fact, the common sensories of the profession; and bear to the whole the relation which the nervous centers bear to the organs of the body. It is their function to elaborate and diffuse science. I trust the fair young sister-hood—ours the latest born, let others say whether the fairest of the fair—will perceive and deeply feel the high mission with which God has charged them. I fervently hope that the profession in each city, will cast away all jealousy and strife and evil speaking, and nobly emulate each other in those labors of observation, experiment, reading and publication, which are necessary to the building up of an enlightened and liberal profession in our highly favored land. Among

the measures which they can and should adopt, is that in which we are now engaged. They should each have a city library in which all the past and current periodical literature of our own and much of that of foreign lands should be constantly received; in which all the medical writings past and present of our *own* country should be collected; in which the imperishable works of past ages, and the great and expensive works of all the present, should be collected and brought within the reach of the inquiring student; and the physician, whose means are too limited to permit his doing more, than purchase the ordinary compilations of the day. This would be taking up medical improvement where our schools lay it down. We are too much accustomed to look to *them* for the elevation of our profession. Experience has proved that, in this country, they are not permitted to do more than teach the *rudiments* of the science. On that knowledge our students engage in the duties of the profession, and grow old in practice, without becoming profound in science. It is for those who congregate in cities to create and use, and offer to all around, the means of more varied learning and deeper research.

Gentlemen! we have entered on such a work, and must neither fall back nor falter. We have set an example to our elder sisters, which can give them no offense, but will bring us no respect, unless it be prosecuted with zeal and constancy. If a young tree cease to grow, we expect it to die. We know the law of its nature to be, that if it should not be advancing to full development, it will recede. We must view

our undertaking as subject to the same law. In fact it is the law of all human enterprises. The secret of success is to rest only when rest will do no harm—when there will be no sliding back. Our national character is one of impulse and and passionate but not patient effort. As a people we are still young, and youth is naturally prone to transfer its affections from one object to another—often abandoning a higher for a lower—and sometimes dallying with the deformed in preference to the beautiful, from mere love of change. Knowing this infirmity, we should defend ourselves from ourselves. The causes of failure generally lie in our own weaknesses, of which the greatest is the want of unfaltering constancy. Holding on to the end in any laudable enterprise, is, with few exceptions, to achieve a triumph. I hope, and feel, and believe that we *shall* steadily hold on; and, thus, when some young student now sitting thoughtful and silent in our midst, shall, with age and tottering footsteps, follow the mortal remains of the last of us to the grave, he will say to the physicians of another generation, then assembled around—“Carry forward the noble work which they began—make it better than you found it, and then hand it on to posterity.”





